

THE
STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY
GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. VI.

JULY TO DECEMBER

London :

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1893



Victoria Mary George

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

From a Photo. by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

(From a Photo. presented by the Duke and Duchess to Moulvie Rafiuddin Ahmad.)

The Royal Marriage.

FROM AN ORIENTAL POINT OF VIEW.

BY MOULVIE RAFIÜDDIN AHMAD.

[*The following article appears with the special permission and approval of Her Majesty the Queen.*]

The ring is on ;
The " wilt thou ? " answer'd, and again
The " wilt thou ? " ask'd ; till out of twain
The sweet " I will " has made ye one.

—*Tennyson.*



IN compliance with the wishes of some distinguished friends, and in remembrance of the privilege I had of witnessing the Royal Marriage at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, I shall embody in these pages a few observations on the State ceremony, and on similar ceremonies in Mohammedan countries.

I must first remove an erroneous impression, current both in England and over the Continent. I have heard it stated by many eminent persons that European nations can never successfully compete with Orientals in the display of loyalty and attachment towards their Sovereign and the Royal Family. The first thing that struck me in connection with the Royal Marriage was the unbounded attachment of the people of England to the person of their Sovereign and the members of her family.

The pageantry over the Marriage of the Duke of York proved, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the English nation are as much lovers of Royalty as we are in the East. Nay : their love is even deeper than our own. What Eastern nation would have spent such enormous sums on hiring seats to view the procession ? That thousands and even millions of people should stand and wait for six or eight hours under a tropical sun, only to have a glimpse at the Royal bride and bridegroom, is really out-Orientalling Orientals in regard to loyalty.

But the greatest triumph of the display was its spontaneity. In many countries, both Asiatic and European, a Royal Marriage is a Government affair. Every minute thing is arranged by Government officials. In England it is the affair of the public. The people gave themselves a general holiday, although the Government refused to grant them one. Contrarily to what would have happened in Eastern countries, the

Government did not take an active part ; and what part they did take was as if at the dictation of the public. Hardly any decorations were to be found at the Houses of Parliament and other official buildings. The expression of national delight was plainly written in the length and breadth of the Capital, and clearly read in the countless faces that lined the endless streets.

Elsewhere attachment is shown to public persons by respectful silence. It is the peculiar characteristic of the inhabitants of England to acknowledge a public man by cheers. The louder the cheers the greater the popularity. The continued and ringing cheers which the Queen-Empress and her family received at the hands of the masses proved their complete identification with the happiness of the first family of the land.

An Oriental visitor would hardly believe that a nation habitually so calm, cold, and reserved could be strained to such feverish excitement on national occasions. London, with all its flags and decorations, with a bright tropical sun, with a jovial and excited public, red and blue uniforms, and ladies' dresses of all the colours of the rainbow, recalled Bombay or Constantinople. It would have been a libel to call it a city of fogs and mists and jet-black British clothes.

Marriage is a blessed institution. From the cottage to the palace "it kindles, it warms, it brightens, it sweetens all around." But nuptials in a family beloved by an entire nation have a peculiar interest. They are important, because they do in their results affect the manners and morals of a great many persons who form their judgment of what is right on the example of distinguished houses and historical families. As the Arabian prophet says, "a people follow the ways of their kings."

It stands to reason, therefore, that the more a nation adores their Royalty, the more

do they desire to see a very high standard of excellence among its members. It is not surprising, then, that the nation took a deep interest in the marriage of the Heir-Presumptive to the Throne; and it is really a matter of gratification that it has been approved by them all and sanctified by universal blessing.

In good old days, both in Europe and in Asia, marriages in the Royal Family were

arranged by Ambassadors for political convenience, in which the wishes of the parties themselves counted for very little. Even religious difficulties considered insuperable in their nature have been very often set aside—as, for example, in the marriages of Mogul Princes with Hindu Princesses of Rajpootana. Even in European countries Royal brides and bridegrooms were scarce given a chance to see each other, and what is called wooing was



Windsor Castle

July 10 1843

The Queen wishes to express to her people how much gratified & touched she has been by the great loyalty and devotion to herself and family which has been so strikingly evinced on the occasion of the marriage of her beloved Grandson, the Duke of York & her dear Bride Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. It is indeed a happy new day for us all, and we have never met with the

The warmest kindest sympathy which she feels very deeply.

She knows that the peoples of her vast Empire are aware how truly her heart beats for them in all their joys and sorrows, and that in the existence of this tie between them and herself lies the real strength of the Empire. —

With them the Queen joins in the warmest prayers and wishes for the welfare and happiness of her dear Grandchildren

K. I. R.

FACSIMILE OF HER MAJESTY'S LETTER TO THE NATION ON THE OCCASION OF THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

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practically unknown. Portraits, it is true, were not infrequently exchanged; but these, as can easily be imagined from many instances of the present day, were not always faithful. On the eve of the wedding day the young people were very often bitterly disappointed at the stern realities. Instances are recorded in which Princes in disguise took long journeys to the countries of their brides, to steal a glance at them even at the risk of their lives. Marriages in promotion of politi-

cal alliances are by no means things of the past; but in this instance, happily, an English Prince was free to choose his bride, like any other subject; and well has he exercised his privilege, by selecting an English Princess both handsome and accomplished.

The Royal processions were the striking incidents of the wedding day. They were exceedingly beautiful, and added greatly to the general grandeur. But they differed very widely from the processions of the Eastern

potentates. We have (thanks to the powerful pen of their Court chroniclers) a description of the processions of the mighty Mogul Emperors. On festive occasions the Great Mogul proceeded to his mosque either on a stately, powerful steed or mounted on a swift elephant, distributing money on both sides of the highway to the needy and the old. Before him went drums, trumpets, pipes, clarions, and other loud instruments of music; canopies, umbrellas, *aftabgirijs*, and other ensigns of majesty made of cloth of gold, set with diamonds, rubies, and all sorts of precious stones. Then came magnificent Arab and Persian horses, with saddles of gold and embroidered velvet, enamelled with pearls and emeralds; elephants of State, with beautiful howdahs, glittering with ornaments from head to heel, carrying flags and standards, trophies, and other ensigns of the magnificence and greatness of the King of Kings. Around and behind His Imperial Majesty were Sultans, Amirs, Khans, and Rajahs, each attired in his best costume, and attended by his chosen officers, equipped with warlike weapons. Next came pilanquins covered by crimson velvet embroidered with jewels, a fringe of great pearls hanging in ropes a foot deep; State carriages of gold and silver most beautifully adorned, including the 16th-century simple English carriage sent as a present to the mighty Mogul by good King James I. of Great Britain and Ireland; chariots of Guzerat, drawn by milk-white bullocks of rare value, provided to the Sublime Durbar by the Kings of Ahmedabad and of Bijapur. Thus went the Mogul to his place of worship. But even ordinary marriage processions in India, which are generally arranged at night, may successfully compete in beauty and magnificence with the annual Lord Mayor's procession in London.

The English ceremony was performed amid Oriental magnificence. All the accessories that rank, wealth, and beauty could bring lent their grace to the gorgeous and impressive event. The Royal marriage may, in more than one respect, enlighten an Eastern mind in regard to the Queen's Court and the functions to be observed therein. On such occasions the fact that Britain is not only a great European but also a mighty Eastern power comes home to an Asiatic in England. Here it is that he can see a reflection of the historic splendour of the Mogul's Court. Here it is that he finds himself temporarily restored to his own conditions.

Of all national ceremonies and festive gatherings I have witnessed in European countries, the ceremony in St. James's Chapel, and the festivities in Rome in connection with the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen of Italy, come nearest, in beauty and splendour, to similar pageants in the East. The Chapel Royal is, perhaps, not extensive enough for grand national ceremonies; but it seemed to me that the very narrowness of the building contributed to the impressiveness of the ceremony. There were representatives of all classes and professions:—

Lords, ladies, captains, councillors and priests,
Their choice nobility and flower,
Embassies from regions far remote, in various habits,
Met from all parts to celebrate the day.

Naval and military officers with splendid uniforms, plumed helmets, ornamented hilts and swords, and medals won for long service and heroic deeds, stood conspicuous in every part of the assemblage. Distinguished noblemen, wearing the insignia of the Garter, the pride and envy of English statesmen, and the glory of foreign Princes, were scattered on all sides of the assembly.

Great Ministers of State, who, as a rule, in this country vie with each other in the simplicity of their clothes, looked an interesting mixture of soldiers, philosophers, and courtiers in gaudy official uniforms. The Lord Chamberlain (who is the most important personage in such ceremonies), and his numerous assistants with their silver sticks, gold maces, and other strange ensigns of might and majesty, surpassed all others in the display of costly antique dresses. Lastly, there were to be seen, like tulips in the field, representatives of national beauty and fashion, maidens and matrons in choicest attire—their heads glittering with tiaras, their necks adorned with precious jewels, their hands bright with diamonds and emeralds.

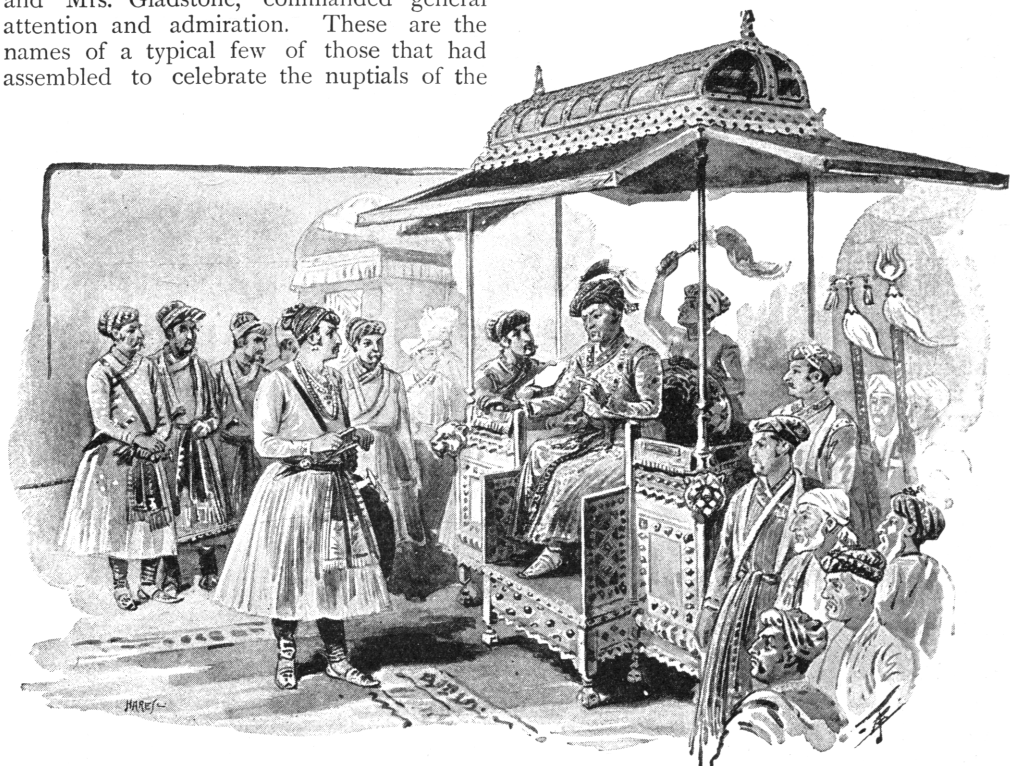
In this brilliant assemblage, where every person was a political or a social celebrity, there were some upon whose faces the public eye reverentially loved to dwell. An Oriental would expect to see such persons seated in a row near the foot of the Throne, irrespectively of their political opinions. But natives of this country carry their politics as people of the East their turbans: wherever they go. Englishmen of eminence hold their seats in accordance with their political creeds, even in the Imperial presence. On the Liberal benches appeared Mr. Gladstone, the great Parliamentary and oratorical athlete, the physical and mental marvel of the age. Opposite sat Lord Salisbury, Leader of the

Tory party, a statesman well known in the East as a jealous guardian of the power and prestige of England, and hereditary custodian of her traditions and institutions at home. Opposite to each other were seated young statesmen of extraordinary administrative capacity and intellectual equipments—Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour. Very near each other on the Tory benches were observed an English and a Scotch Duke, both of them heads of historical families, Chancellors of distinguished Universities, born leaders of great assemblies—Devonshire and Argyll. On the same benches was conspicuous the great master of lucid, weighty, and penetrating speeches, whom it is always a delight to hear in the House of Commons—Mr. Chamberlain, chief of the Radical Unionists. On the Liberal benches could be distinguished Mr. Morley, Professor Bryce, Lord Herschell, all men of high literary and legal distinction. By a cruel mishap, the Hindu Princes of India, most conservative of men, found themselves side by side with Liberals. Distinguished members of the fair sex, well known in society for qualities of head and heart, such as the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Salisbury, Lady Spencer, and Mrs. Gladstone, commanded general attention and admiration. These are the names of a typical few of those that had assembled to celebrate the nuptials of the

grandson of their revered Sovereign: names of which the Court of any age or country, ancient or modern, would be deservedly proud.

The chancel was set apart for the Royal Family and their foreign relations. These, as they arrived, were conducted to their seats by the Lord Chamberlain and his lieutenants. Their names and titles were not called aloud by a herald, as would have happened in certain Courts. When the Queen-Empress arrived the company stood up respectfully; and Her Majesty graciously bowed once to the right and once to the left, recognising, with a cheerful smile, as is usual with her, every one upon whom her eye alighted. There was a sublime simplicity about her which arrested everybody's attention. When all had again taken their seats, the bridegroom arrived, accompanied by his father and his uncle. All these were dressed in blue uniforms, for the Prince is primarily a naval officer.

For the information of Oriental readers, I must remark that there was no particular marriage dress about the bridegroom; nor was he loaded with *sehras* and *hars* (garlands and chaplets of flowers) from head to foot.



THE COURT OF AKBAR.
From an Illustrated Manuscript in the British Museum.

The custom of wearing garlands and crowns of flowers on the marriage day, which prevailed both among the ancient Romans and among the ancient Anglo-Saxons, seems to have disappeared from these isles in modern times. But the Prince made up the deficiency of flowers by wearing stars and medals upon his breast, and the insignia of the Garter over his shoulders. He did not look nervous, and bore himself with great dignity. Soon after him arrived the heroine of the day, accompanied by her father and brothers, and followed by a train of beautiful princesses—the bridesmaids. All these, who were magnificently dressed in white, carried large *guldustas* (bouquets) in their hands, and stood in succession after the bride, so motionless as to present the appearance of nymphs by "Grecian chisel traced." The last of them was a sprightly girl of five, who conducted herself throughout the ceremony with astonishing repose.

The bride was attired in milk-white : unlike Oriental brides, who wear red. She had all the modesty of a bride. The deep sense of the coming responsibilities, mixed with that peculiar sensation which no pen can describe but all brides invariably feel, had lent her a look of pleasing nervousness. Her dress was an interesting blend of East and West. In accord with the East, she had a long veil hanging before her from head to heel, so thin that she could see and be seen through it. The original object of the veil, that of hiding a bride's blushes from the looks of others and of her lover, is not, therefore, maintained. After the fashion of the West, she had a long train attached to her dress behind, but not so long as to necessitate the assistance of attendants, or to appear cumbrous. The Princess did not seem to wear any hymeneal crown or chaplet of flowers ; but she carried in her hand a large bouquet, full of materials for half-a-dozen garlands. She wore, along with other ornaments, a beautiful necklace of diamonds, a gift from Her Majesty, extremely becoming and delightful. The bride was the subject of general admiration. Oriental readers must not suppose that her trousseau was a present from the bridegroom. It was from her parents ; it being customary here that the trousseau should be the last present to her from them. Nor am I aware of the bridegroom having received any outfit from the parents of the bride. In the East the parents of the bridegroom, along with other presents, send the marriage trousseau to the bride, and the parents of the bride send a rich outfit to the

bridegroom. Large sums are spent upon dress. The trousseau of the Begum of Bhopal cost £40,000, and the outfit of her husband £26,000.

The binding of the nuptial tie was not a very complicated affair, like that of the Hindus or the Chinese ; nor was it very simple, like that of the Mohammedans. But it was very solemn and serious, likely to overawe any couple that may stand at the altar. The Kazi was the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was heard in breathless silence when he delivered his brief, effective sermon. The most impressive part of the ceremony, however, did not arrive till the last moment, when the bride and bridegroom went round to those most near and dear to them in order to receive their parental benedictions. The spectacle was pathetic, and everybody who saw it seemed seized with an inexplicable emotion. The mother of the bride appeared quite overpowered at the prospect of separation from her only daughter, exactly as the mother of the poorest bride would have appeared.

The chancel was then a sight worth seeing. Well might the Queen be happy and proud on such an occasion ! The splendour of her Court wanted nothing to make it perfect. Before her were all the nobles and the grantees of the State. Beside and around her was the noblest blood of Europe : the Sovereign of Denmark and his beloved consort (parents of Kings and Queens), the son and heir of the Czar of All the Russias, the brother of the Kaiser of Germany, the young Duke of Hesse, the Prince of Wales and his ever young and beautiful wife, the younger Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal, all standing side by side, full of hope and joy and good wishes for the married pair. Well might the heart of the Queen-Empress bow down in thankfulness to the Giver of all mercies, Who had spared her to witness this auspicious event and conferred upon her such a unique position among the rulers of the world !

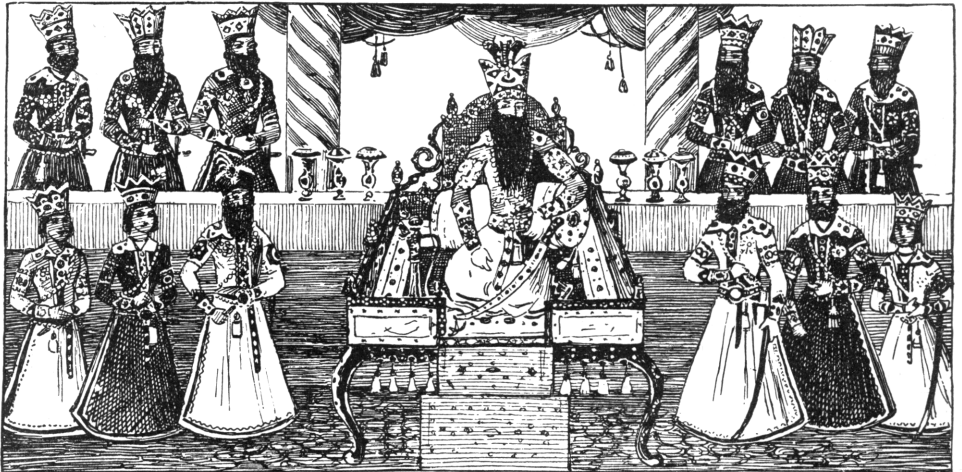
After the ceremony, along with other guests, I went to Buckingham Palace, where the company partook of what they call here the marriage breakfast. Many more, who, on account of the narrow space in the Chapel, could not be present at the marriage, arrived in full dress, and were warmly greeted. The guests mixed freely and exchanged remarks on the great event of the day. The hall in which refreshments were laid not being large enough for the assembled guests, the party was divided into two or three. When I

entered the room I found that the wedding breakfast corresponded to the custom of distributing sweets among the guests in a Moslem marriage, and not so much to the banquet in honour of the marriage.

There were to be found no species of Indian *halwar* (or sweet); the principal object of interest was the bride's cake. The cake was cut with much formality and distributed among the guests present; bits of it were sent as remembrancers of the Marriage to friends residing abroad. None of the Royal Family was present. The Lord Chamberlain played the host. He came up to me with a pleasant smile, and asked me how I had enjoyed the day; but before I had time to answer him, he was off to see Mrs. Gladstone safely through the crowd.

importance than an Eastern couple on their day of wedding. In some houses, for as many as forty days, amusements, such as fireworks, dancing, music, and indoor games, are provided for the benefit of the guests. Marriages are *fêtes*, particularly for women; and it is but right that these diversions should play an important part in them. The numerous ways in which the inmates of the Zenana amuse themselves could be described only in many pages.

The lady relations of the bride devote themselves zealously, some days preceding the marriage, towards her adornment, so that on the great day she is a picture of health and happiness. We Orientals have no bridesmaids; but the intimate lady friends of the bride keep her company at her



[After a Photograph in]

THE COURT OF PERSIA.

[Cousin's "Persia."]

Let us now recall how marriages are performed among the Moslems in Eastern countries. I must here state that custom has superseded religion regarding various ceremonies in connection with Moslem marriages. The day of nuptials being the best time for general rejoicings, it is the occasion for entertaining friends and relations on a liberal scale. Long before the day of the ceremony guests begin to assemble from all parts of the country, some of them at considerable sacrifice to themselves, at the residences both of the bride and of the bridegroom; and neither trouble nor expense is spared to make them joyful. The humblest bride and bridegroom are made to feel that they are king and queen for the time being. I am inclined to believe that even kings and queens themselves, at their coronation, do not more keenly feel the sense of their

residence a few days before marriage. The younger brothers and sisters of the bride and bridegroom, who are adorned with flowers, are conscious of their own significance, and demand homage from their juvenile acquaintances.

The ceremony is generally at night. The Kazi (magistrate) assists at the celebration, though his presence is in no way necessary for the validity of the contract. At the time of Cromwell, marriages, even in this country, were performed before a magistrate. As a rule, Mohammedan marriages in India are not celebrated in mosques. Custom has made it incumbent upon the bridegroom to proceed as a humble suitor to the residence of the bride, where great preparations are made to receive him and his party with Oriental splendour. On the evening of the marriage day the bridegroom, on horseback,

starts for the residence of the bride, with a torchlight procession headed by bands of musicians, and surrounded by a large party of his friends and acquaintances.

On the grounds of the residence of the bride a large *Mandwa* (canopy) is raised, which is beautifully illuminated with candles and *butties* all round, while the floor is decorated with costly Persian carpets. On one side of this quadrangular structure a *daïs* (or hymeneal throne) is formed for the bridegroom, his near relations, and the Kazi. To the right and to the left of this visitors are seated in rows. To do honour to their host, the visitors generally appear in their best attire; and it is pleasing to see them exchanging the little civilities appropriate to the occasion.

Opposite to the *daïs*, on the other side of the building, are seated dancing girls surrounded by instruments of music and its ministers; holding themselves in readiness to sing congratulatory songs immediately after the flourish of trumpets announcing the contraction of the sacred tie. Leaving the bridegroom in this assembly, we must cast a glance at the apartments of his bride.

Seated on the bridal throne, wearing a crown of fragrant flowers, and loaded with other floral decorations on all sides, the lady reigns supreme. She is surrounded by her mother, her sisters, her aunts, and a host of fair admirers. Women are fond of displaying their jewellery, and the Moslem bride is no exception to the rule. It would take much space to describe her necklaces, bracelets, jewelled chains, ear-rings, etc.: suffice it to say that even her shoes are embroidered with gold and precious stones. The passage from celibacy to matrimony is easy in England; but for her entry into the society of married women an Eastern bride has to pass through numerous little ceremonies, in the strict discharge of which the matrons around her are closely interested. The senior married ladies particularly, being the depositaries of the unwritten but time-honoured traditions of holy matrimony, and authorized exponents of its rites, enjoy exceptional privileges on such occasions. The bride is generally in a long red or pink, dress, embroidered with gold and trimmed round the skirt with heavy fringe. This dress varies almost in every province; but silk is preferred anywhere, for the climate obliges the ladies to wear very light dresses. The hair is dressed in tresses and perfumed with essences. In the centre of the head is seen suspended a rich jewel, which has been

formed to represent the sun, or the crescent, or a star, or a flower. On the thumb of her right hand, in the form of a ring, is to be seen a very small looking-glass called *Arsi*.

The ceremony of the marital contract consists in a simple question and answer. The clergyman asks the man: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" The Kazi interrogates the faithful: "Do you accept — in contract of marriage?" As it is not customary for the bride to appear in person, before the Kazi and the general assembly, to declare her unqualified acceptance of the contract, she is represented by a proxy. This gentleman, with two witnesses, proceeds to the apartments of the bride, and within the hearing of the witnesses asks her if she accepts — for her lawful husband and authorizes him to be her plenipotentiary. Having obtained her full consent, he comes to the Kazi with the witnesses, prepared to respond to the interrogations of the magistrate. This done, the Kazi declares them man and wife, and invokes the blessings of Heaven in a solemn prayer. Sweets and sherbet are distributed among the guests, while the fire of the guns and the flourish of the trumpets announce the event to the world at large.

The bridegroom rises to embrace near relations of his own and those of the bride, and makes a bow to others in response to their congratulations. Soon after the Kazi takes his leave, and Bacchus takes the chair. The night is spent in dancing and other amusements; to be followed by a grand banquet in the morning.

After the banquet comes the most important hour for the bridegroom. The gentlemen retire, leaving the bridegroom in the possession of the ladies. He is now formally received into the *Zenana*, and is seated side by side with his bride, who wears a veil. Presents are delivered to them from the lady guests, who formally approach, and wish the pair a happy and prosperous married life. The presents generally consist of embroidered handkerchiefs, jewelled rings, and other articles of daily use. The bride prepares to quit the roof under which she has spent perhaps the most happy portion of her life. She is extremely sorry; her mother and sisters are sobbing and in tears.

In Turkey, when the bride goes to wish him good-bye, her father ornaments her waist with the nuptial belt, which ceremony is the last adieu the father makes. I have said that the bride is seated veiled with the bridegroom.

The unveiling of her face by the bridegroom is done with much formality: usually to the great delight of himself and those around him. The two then kneel down together; and, after a short prayer, the bridegroom, in a triumphal procession, takes his bride home much in the same manner as he came to her residence.

The order of marriage is more or less alike in the marriages of Princes and in those of peasants; but the ranks of the parties naturally make a difference in the variety of entertainments and in the magnitude of the general splendour. In the marriages of Princes, for example, the poor and the needy of the country are fed for many days and liberally clothed, and large sums are distributed in charity. Peers are royally feasted and entertained at the Royal palace every night. Elsewhere will be found indication of the nature of the gifts made to Princes.

After the description of the festivities in the Queen's Court, it will be interesting to the reader to know how the Mogul Emperors of Hindustan held Imperial Durbars on festive occasions in the heyday of their prosperity. There is little doubt that the Durbar of the Great Mogul has never been surpassed in grandeur by any Court, ancient or modern. The highly finished etiquette of the people at the Mogul Court, their sweet mode of address, their ready wit and hospitable nature, their easy manners and winning affection, have been a theme upon which distinguished visitors have always delighted to dwell. After the Mogul Emperor's, the most splendid Court in the East has been that of Persia. The accompanying illustrations of the two Courts will be, no doubt, very interesting.

In all ages the principal ensigns of majesty

have been the Throne and the diadem. Kings of all nations have freely spent their treasures to beautify and enrich those emblems of national greatness. It is no exaggeration to say that the world has never seen the like of the celebrated Peacock Throne, or of the Koh-i-noor, now in possession of the Empress of India. English readers who happen to have seen regal Thrones in European countries will be interested to know what the Peacock Throne was like. It is a thing of the past. "The Throne was three yards in length, two and a half in breadth, and five in height. It was set with rubies, garnets, diamonds, pearls, and emeralds all over. The outside of the canopy was of enamel work with occasional gems; the in-

side was thickly set with rubies, etc.; and it was supported by twelve emerald columns. On the top of each pillar there were two peacocks thick set with gems; and between each two peacocks a tree set with rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and pearls. The ascent consisted of three steps set with jewels of fine water. It was completed in the course of seven years. Of the eleven jewelled recesses formed around it for cushions, the middle one, intended for the seat of the Emperor, had cost ten lacs of rupees." — *Badshah Nama of Kazzvini*.

The order observed on great festive occasions has been described as follows: "On His Majesty's auspicious approach,

according to established custom, from the music-gallery—situated in front of the august Jehroka—the kettle-drum of joy proclaims the fame aloud. In the first place, conformably to the rules of the mighty Empire, pass in review fleet steeds, with inlaid and enamelled furniture; renowned elephants, resembling mountains and



ORIENTAL IDEA OF A EUROPEAN PRINCESS.
From an Original Drawing in the British Museum.



CHAND BIBI, PRINCESS OF AHMEDNAGAR.

decked in complete trappings, ornamented with gold and precious stones. After this the Princes of high descent, agreeably to their respective ranks, have permission to be seated near the Imperial throne. Then Khans, Amirs, Mirzas from Iran and Turan, renowned Ministers, Viziers of high degree, principal noblemen, public officers, etc., victorious soldiers, eminent men of letters, skilful physicians, and others, in accordance with their respective rank, station, dignity, office, condition, and quality, are arranged in their proper places, not having authority to move or speak beyond their respective spheres. Also Ambassadors conversant in languages, from the Emperors of Constantinople, the Kings of Iran and Turan, with letters and rare presents, being admitted to the Imperial presence, obtain permission to stand in a place suitable to their character. In every quarter between the outer and inner balustrades are stationed active *Meer Toozells* (Lord Chamberlain's assistants), bearing wands of gold and silver inlaid and enamelled, together with their assistants and attendants, who keep order in such a manner that none can move from his appointed place."

On the Emperor taking his seat, all those present performed the *Kornish* (a form of kneeling), and then remained standing according to their rank, with their hands crossed. This salutation signifies, in the language of the *Ain*, that the saluter has placed his head (which is the seat of the senses and the mind) into the hand of humility, giving it to the Royal assembly as a present,

and has made himself, in obedience, ready for any service that may be required of him. In Her Majesty's Court, in *Levéés*, and Drawing Rooms, though there is strict order of precedence, there is no distance fixed from the Throne for the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal to take their stand: they stand side by side with each other and also with the Sovereign. In the Court of Akbar, the Princes had to observe strict rules in this respect. "The eldest Prince places himself when standing at a distance of 1 to 4yds. from the Throne, or when sitting at a distance of 2 to 8yds. The second Prince stands from 1½ to 6yds. from the Throne, and in sitting from 3 to 12yds. So also the third. Then come the elect of the highest rank, who are worthy of the spiritual guidance of His Majesty, at a distance of from 3 to 15yds., and in sitting from 5 to 20yds. After these follow the senior grandees from 3½yds., and then the other grandees from 10 to 12½yds. from the Throne."—*Ain-i-Akbari*.

Musical entertainments were greatly in favour at the Court of the Moguls. Abul Fazl says: "His Majesty (Akbar) pays much attention to music, and is the patron of all who practise this enchanting art. There are numerous musicians at Court, both men and women. The Court musicians are arranged in seven divisions, one for each day of the week." At His Majesty's command, "they let the wine of harmony flow, and thus increase intoxication in some and sobriety in others." The Court chronicler of the

reign of Shah Jehan says: "Singers with voices delightfully melodious, and companies of Moguls and Indians, ornamented and arrayed in dresses of different forms, warble such charming strains as arrest the birds in their flight." I have attended many concerts in Europe, and if the description of the chronicler be true, I think the Court singers of the Mogul Court were superior to the singers in European drawing-rooms.

The numberless presents that the Duke and Duchess of York have received naturally suggest a note on the presents given to and by Mogul Princes. Presents were given to the Mogul Princes at every interview—as a mark of homage more than anything else: some of them were as low as the value of a single rupee. The Emperors delighted to give rather than to receive presents. Jehangir, in his Memoirs, says: "Hakim Ali brought me a chaplet of pearls of the value of a lac of rupees, which at the time I accepted; but some days afterwards, sending for him to my presence, I threw the chaplet around his neck. It never could in truth afford me any real gratification to receive from any vassals gifts or presents in any shape; on the contrary, towards my hand should their eyes be ever turned; and so long as I retain the means it is my part to bestow upon everyone favour and rewards, according to merit."

Some idea regarding the sort of gifts the Mogul Princes received from the Emperor may be had from the *Khilat*, presented by the Government of India, following the tradition of the Mogul predecessors, to the bridegroom of the Nawab Shah Jehan Begum of Bhopal, on the occasion of her marriage. It consisted of one diamond aigrette, one large pearl necklace, one turban, one gold-embroidered mantle, one shawl, one coat, one piece of *kimkhuab*, four double-barrelled guns, one gold-hilted scimitar, one gold-laced sword belt, one dagger, one bow, one quiver, one shield, one elephant (with chased silver gilt howdah with trappings), one headpiece, one gold-embroidered fan, one velvet-covered throne, one horse (with gold and silver trappings and gold-embroidered saddle).^{*} King James I. sent through Sir Thomas Roe to the Emperor Jehangir one coach, some virginals, some knives, an embroidered scarf; to which Sir Thomas added his own sword.

Lastly, I feel constrained to give extracts from complimentary letters between James I. and Jehangir:—

"James, by the grace of Almighty God the Creator of Heaven and Earth, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Christian faith, etc. To the High and Mighty Monarch the Great Mogul, King of the Oriental Indies, of Candahar, of Chismer and Corazan, etc., greeting.

"We, having notice of your great favour towards us and our subjects, etc. . . . And for the confirmation of our great inclination and well-wishing towards you; we pray you to accept in good part, the present which our said Ambassador will deliver unto you; and so do commit you to the merciful protection of Almighty God."

The Mogul's letter to James I. was as follows: "Unto a King rightly descended from his ancestors, bred in military affairs, and clothed with honour and justice; a commander worthy of all command, strong and constant in religion, which the great Prophet Christ did teach: King James, whose love has bred such impression in my thoughts as shall never be forgotten; but as the smell of amber or as a garden of fragrant flowers, whose beauty and odour is still increasing: so be assured my love shall grow and increase with yours. Your letter which you sent me in the behalf of your merchants I have read; whereby I rest assured in your tender love towards me, and desire you not to take it ill for not having writ unto you heretofore. . . . And as now and formerly I have received from you divers tokens of your love, so I desire your mindfulness of me by some novelties from your country as an augment of friendship between us, for such is the custom of Princes here. . . . And if any in my country, not fearing God nor obeying their King, or any other void of religion, should endeavour to be an instrument to break this league of friendship, I would send my son, Sultan Caroon, soldier approved in the wars, to cut him off, that no obstacle may hinder the continuance and increase of our affections."^{*}

Our readers will be extremely grateful to the Queen for her kindness in permitting us to reproduce her letter to the nation on the occasion of the wedding.

Having received a request from an English lady for an illustration of the dress of a Mohammedan Princess of the time of Akbar, I will embody in this article a portrait of the famous Princess of Ahmednagar (Chand Bibi). At the same time I have thought it fit to insert an ideal portrait of a

^{*} History of Bhopal. By H.H. Shah Jehan Begum.

^{*} From Harris's collection of voyages and travels.

European Princess, painted for the amusement of the ladies of the Mogul Court.

This contrast of the joyous ceremonials of the East and of the West naturally leads to a wide conclusion, or aspiration. Different as they are in certain details, they still, as must have been observed, are close akin in spirit, in pageant, and in purpose. It could not be otherwise; for, although they are separated by the width of the earth, the two peoples are so closely the same in spirit that, in the clash of races and of Empires through many centuries, they have become the same in destiny and in aim. They have fallen under the same governance, the rule of the Queen-Empress; and under the same governance they will remain, unless (as there is sometimes reason to fear) the administrators of the Empire should, yielding to the decadence which in great democracies sometimes overcomes the Imperial perception, and distraught by

Wordy trucklings
of the transient
hour,

be to themselves untrue, and become cosmopolites, the friends of every country save their own. It is not for me, guest in a country geographically far from home, to draw morals for my hosts; yet I, too, as clearly as any modern man of feeling who would curtail the Estimates at the bidding of his duty, not to his Queen but to Humanity — I, too, am a subject of the Empress; and, even as he prefers an abstract idea to his political

allegiance, I, too, claim the right of preference, and of avowal. If monarchs do not rule by Divine right, as it is believed in the East that they do, one might, with Mr. Ruskin, ask by what right they govern at all; but whether Victoria rules by that right or by no such right, rule she does, and India rejoices. When they come to the Throne, the Duke and Duchess of York, we may be sure, will be not less devoted than the Queen-Empress has been to the Imperial duties by which Her Majesty has won the hearts of the millions in the East who own her sway. They will realize, as Her Majesty has done, that the Throne of England is sovereign in India, just as it is at home; and they are known, like her, to have a proved affection for the peoples of India. So, to conclude, I would trespass only so far as, in the character of onlooker, seeing most of the game—of the observer from afar, seeing the Empire in a perspective larger

than that which is possible to habitual dwellers in its capital—to express the hope that this happy event which I have described may bring home, to the minds of such of us in England as have been tempted by the propositions of the political decadents, the ideal (fact and inspiration blent) of a marriage between East and West—a union (under which the Humanity man as well as the Imperialist should be at ease) that can never be dissolved while England is

Loyal to the Royal
in herself.



From a Photo. by]

MOULVIE RAFIÜDDIN AHMAD.

[Elliott & Fry.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

XXIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE NAVAL TREATY.

(Continued from page 403.)



WE were fortunate in finding that Lord Holdhurst was still in his chambers at Downing Street, and on Holmes sending in his card we were instantly shown up. The statesman received us with that old-fashioned courtesy for which he is remarkable, and seated us on the two luxurious easy chairs on either side of the fireplace. Standing on the rug between us, with his slight, tall figure, his sharp-featured, thoughtful face, and his curling hair prematurely tinged with grey, he seemed to represent that not too common type, a nobleman who is in truth noble.

of your visit. There has only been one occurrence in these offices which could call for your attention. In whose interest are you acting, may I ask?"

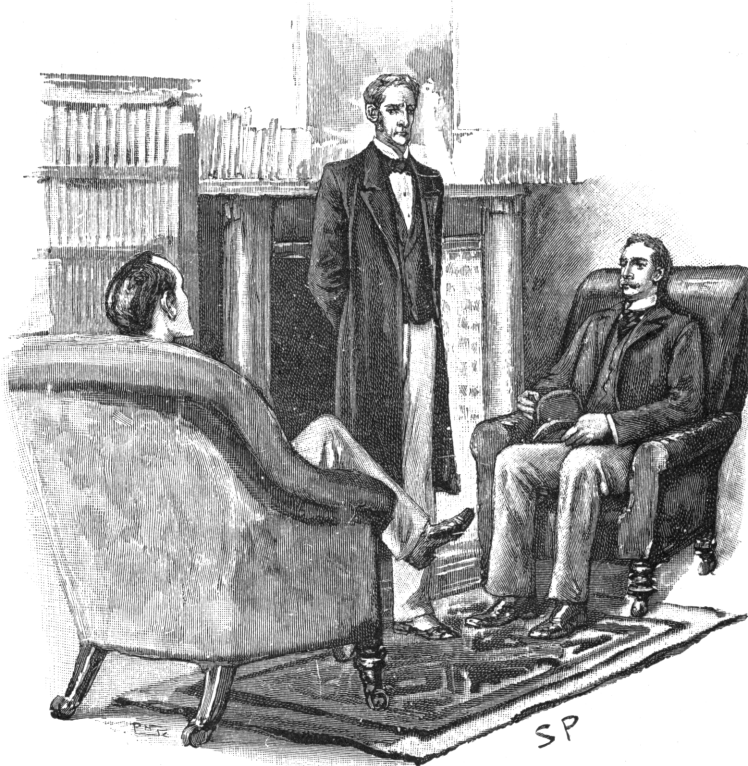
"In that of Mr. Percy Phelps," answered Holmes.

"Ah, my unfortunate nephew! You can understand that our kinship makes it the more impossible for me to screen him in any way. I fear that the incident must have a very prejudicial effect upon his career."

"But if the document is found?"

"Ah, that, of course, would be different."

"I had one or two questions which I wished to ask you, Lord Holdhurst."



"A NOBLEMAN."

"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr. Holmes," said he, smiling. "And, of course, I cannot pretend to be ignorant of the object

"I shall be happy to give you any information in my power."

"Was it in this room that you gave your

instructions as to the copying of the document?"

"It was."

"Then you could hardly have been overheard?"

"It is out of the question."

"Did you ever mention to anyone that it was your intention to give out the treaty to be copied?"

"Never."

"You are certain of that?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, since you never said so, and Mr. Phelps never said so, and nobody else knew anything of the matter, then the thief's presence in the room was purely accidental. He saw his chance and he took it."

The statesman smiled. "You take me out of my province there," said he.

Holmes considered for a moment. "There is another very important point which I wish to discuss with you," said he. "You feared, as I understand, that very grave results might follow from the details of this treaty becoming known?"

A shadow passed over the expressive face of the statesman. "Very grave results, indeed."

"And have they occurred?"

"Not yet."

"If the treaty had reached, let us say, the French or Russian Foreign Office, you would expect to hear of it?"

"I should," said Lord Holdhurst, with a wry face.

"Since nearly ten weeks have elapsed then, and nothing has been heard, it is not unfair to suppose that for some reason the treaty has not reached them?"

Lord Holdhurst shrugged his shoulders.

"We can hardly suppose, Mr. Holmes, that the thief took the treaty in order to frame it and hang it up."

"Perhaps he is waiting for a better price."

"If he waits a little longer he will get no price at all. The treaty will cease to be a secret in a few months."

"That is most important," said Holmes. "Of course it is a possible supposition that the thief has had a sudden illness——"

"An attack of brain fever, for example?" asked the statesman, flashing a swift glance at him.

"I did not say so," said Holmes, impatiently. "And now, Lord Holdhurst, we have already taken up too much of your valuable time, and we shall wish you good-day."

"Every success to your investigation, be the

criminal who it may," answered the nobleman, as he bowed us out at the door.

"He's a fine fellow," said Holmes, as we came out into Whitehall. "But he has a struggle to keep up his position. He is far from rich, and has many calls. You noticed, of course, that his boots had been re-soled? Now, Watson, I won't detain you from your legitimate work any longer. I shall do nothing more to-day, unless I have an answer to my cab advertisement. But I should be extremely obliged to you if you would come down with me to Woking to-morrow, by the same train which we took to-day."

I met him accordingly next morning, and we travelled down to Woking together. He had had no answer to his advertisement, he said, and no fresh light had been thrown upon the case. He had, when he so willed it, the utter immobility of countenance of a red Indian, and I could not gather from his appearance whether he was satisfied or not with the position of the case. His conversation, I remember, was about the Bertillon system of measurements, and he expressed his enthusiastic admiration of the French savant.

We found our client still under the charge of his devoted nurse, but looking considerably better than before. He rose from the sofa and greeted us without difficulty when we entered.

"Any news?" he asked, eagerly.

"My report, as I expected, is a negative one," said Holmes. "I have seen Forbes, and I have seen your uncle, and I have set one or two trains of inquiry upon foot which may lead to something."

"You have not lost heart, then?"

"By no means."

"God bless you for saying that!" cried Miss Harrison. "If we keep our courage and our patience, the truth must come out."

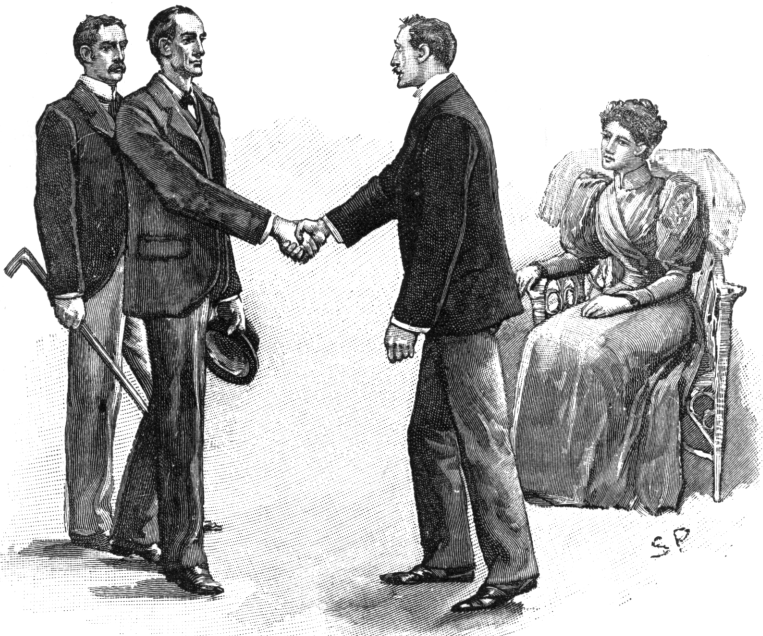
"We have more to tell you than you have for us," said Phelps, reseating himself upon the couch.

"I hoped you might have something."

"Yes, we have had an adventure during the night, and one which might have proved to be a serious one," his expression grew very grave as he spoke, and a look of something akin to fear sprang up in his eyes. "Do you know," said he, "that I begin to believe that I am the unconscious centre of some monstrous conspiracy, and that my life is aimed at as well as my honour?"

"Ah!" cried Holmes.

"It sounds incredible, for I have not, as



"'ANY NEWS?' HE ASKED."

far as I know, an enemy in the world. Yet from last night's experience I can come to no other conclusion."

"Pray let me hear it."

"You must know that last night was the very first night that I have ever slept without a nurse in the room. I was so much better that I thought I could dispense with one. I had a night-light burning, however. Well, about two in the morning I had sunk into a light sleep, when I was suddenly aroused by a slight noise. It was like the sound which a mouse makes when it is gnawing a plank, and I lay listening to it for some time, under the impression that it must come from that cause. Then it grew louder, and suddenly there came from the window a sharp metallic snick. I sat up in amazement. There could be no doubt what the sounds were now. The faint ones had been caused by someone forcing an instrument through the slit between the sashes, and the second by the catch being pressed back.

"There was a pause then for about ten minutes, as if the person were waiting to see whether the noise had awoken me. Then I heard a gentle creaking as the window was very slowly opened. I could stand it no longer, for my nerves are not what they used to be. I sprang out of bed and flung open the

shutters. A man was crouching at the window. I could see little of him, for he was gone like a flash. He was wrapped in some sort of cloak, which came across the lower part of his face. One thing only I am sure of, and that is that he had some weapon in his hand. It looked to me like a long knife. I distinctly saw the gleam of it as he turned to run."

"This is most interesting," said Holmes. "Pray, what did you do then?"

"I should have followed him through the open window if I had been stronger. As it was, I rang the bell and roused the house. It took me some little time, for the bell rings in the kitchen, and the servants all sleep upstairs. I shouted, however, and that brought Joseph down, and he roused the others. Joseph and the groom found marks on the flower-bed outside the window, but the weather has been so dry lately that they found it hopeless to follow the trail across the grass. There's a place, however, on the wooden fence which skirts the road which shows signs, they tell me, as if someone had got over and had snapped the top of the rail in doing so. I have said nothing to the local police yet, for I thought I had best have your opinion first."

This tale of our client's appeared to have an extraordinary effect upon Sherlock Holmes. He rose from his chair and paced about the room in uncontrollable excitement.

"Misfortunes never come singly," said Phelps, smiling, though it was evident that his adventure had somewhat shaken him.

"You have certainly had your share," said Holmes. "Do you think you could walk round the house with me?"

"Oh, yes, I should like a little sunshine. Joseph will come too."

"And I also," said Miss Harrison,

"I am afraid not," said Holmes, shaking his head. "I think I must ask you to remain sitting exactly where you are."

The young lady resumed her seat with an air of displeasure. Her brother, however, had joined us, and we set off all four together. We passed round the lawn to the outside of the young diplomatist's window. There were, as he had said, marks upon the flower-bed, but they were hopelessly blurred and vague. Holmes stooped over them for an instant, and then rose, shrugging his shoulders.

"I don't think anyone could make much of this," said he. "Let us go round the house and see why this particular room was chosen by the burglar. I should have thought those larger windows of the drawing-room and dining-room would have had more attractions for him."

"They are more visible from the road," suggested Mr. Joseph Harrison.

"Ah, yes, of course. There is a door here which he might have attempted. What is it for?"

"It is the side entrance for tradespeople. Of course, it is locked at night."

"Have you ever had an alarm like this before?"

"Never," said our client.

"Do you keep plate in the house, or anything to attract burglars?"

"Nothing of value."

Holmes strolled round the house with his hands in his pockets, and a negligent air which was unusual with him.

"By the way," said he, to Joseph Harrison, "you found some place, I understand, where

the fellow scaled the fence. Let us have a look at that."

The plump young man led us to a spot where the top of one of the wooden rails had been cracked. A small fragment of the wood was hanging down. Holmes pulled it off and examined it critically.

"Do you think that was done last night? It looks rather old, does it not?"

"Well, possibly so."

"There are no marks of anyone jumping down upon the other side.

No, I fancy we shall get no help here. Let us go back to the bedroom and talk the matter over."

Percy Phelps was walking very slowly, leaning upon the arm of his future brother-in-law. Holmes walked swiftly across the lawn, and we were at the open window of the bedroom long before the others came up.

"Miss Harrison," said Holmes, speaking with the utmost intensity of manner. "You must stay where you are all day. Let nothing prevent you from staying where you are all day. It is of the utmost importance."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Holmes," said



"HOLMES EXAMINED IT CRITICALLY."

the girl, in astonishment.

"When you go to bed lock the door of this room on the outside and keep the key. Promise to do this."

"But Percy?"

"He will come to London with us."

"And I am to remain here?"

"It is for his sake. You can serve him! Quick! Promise!"

She gave a quick nod of assent just as the other two came up.

"Why do you sit moping there, Annie?" cried her brother. "Come out into the sunshine!"

"No, thank you, Joseph. I have a slight headache, and this room is deliciously cool and soothing."

"What do you propose now, Mr. Holmes?" asked our client.

"Well, in investigating this minor affair we must not lose sight of our main inquiry. It would be a very great help to me if you would come up to London with us."

"At once?"

"Well, as soon as you conveniently can. Say in an hour."

"I feel quite strong enough, if I can really be of any help."

"The greatest possible."

"Perhaps you would like me to stay there to-night?"

"I was just going to propose it."

"Then if my friend of the night comes to revisit me, he will find the bird flown. We are all in your hands, Mr. Holmes, and you must tell us exactly what you would like done. Perhaps you would prefer that Joseph came with us, so as to look after me?"

"Oh, no; my friend Watson is a medical man, you know, and he'll look after you. We'll have our lunch here, if you will permit us, and then we shall all three set off for town together."

It was arranged as he suggested, though Miss Harrison excused herself from leaving the bedroom, in accordance with Holmes's suggestion. What the object of my friend's manoeuvres was I could not conceive, unless it were to keep the lady away from Phelps, who, rejoiced by his returning health and by the prospect of action, lunched with us in the dining-room. Holmes had a still more startling surprise for us, however, for after accompanying us down to the station and seeing us into our carriage, he calmly announced that he had no intention of leaving Woking.

"There are one or two small points which I should

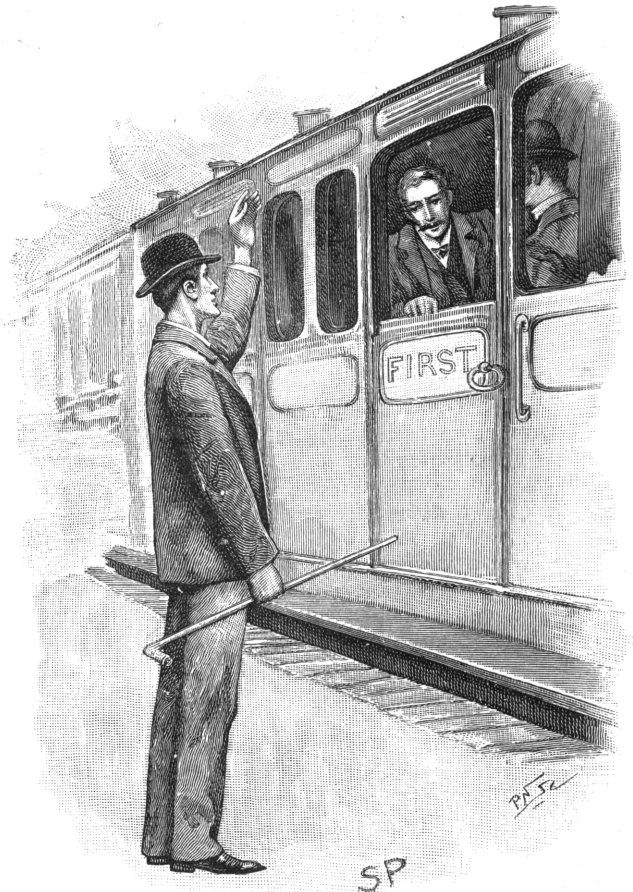
desire to clear up before I go," said he. "Your absence, Mr. Phelps, will in some ways rather assist me. Watson, when you reach London you would oblige me by driving at once to Baker Street with our friend here, and remaining with him until I see you again. It is fortunate that you are old schoolfellows, as you must have much to talk over. Mr. Phelps can have the spare bedroom to-night, and I will be with you in time for breakfast, for there is a train which will take me into Waterloo at eight."

"But how about our investigation in London?" asked Phelps, ruefully.

"We can do that to-morrow. I think that just at present I can be of more immediate use here."

"You might tell them at Briarbrae that I hope to be back to-morrow night," cried Phelps, as we began to move from the platform.

"I hardly expect to go back to Briarbrae,"



answered Holmes, and waved his hand to us cheerily as we shot out from the station.

Phelps and I talked it over on our journey, but neither of us could devise a satisfactory reason for this new development.

"I suppose he wants to find out some clue as to the burglary last night, if a burglar it was. For myself, I don't believe it was an ordinary thief."

"What is your own idea, then?"

"Upon my word, you may put it down to my weak nerves or not, but I believe there is some deep political intrigue going on around me, and that, for some reason that passes my understanding, my life is aimed at by the conspirators. It sounds high-flown and absurd, but consider the facts! Why should a thief try to break in at a bedroom window, where there could be no hope of any plunder, and why should he come with a long knife in his hand?"

"You are sure it was not a housebreaker's jemmy?"

"Oh, no; it was a knife. I saw the flash of the blade quite distinctly."

"But why on earth should you be pursued with such animosity?"

"Ah, that is the question."

"Well, if Holmes takes the same view, that would account for his action, would it not? Presuming that your theory is correct, if he can lay his hands upon the man who threatened you last night, he will have gone a long way towards finding who took the naval treaty. It is absurd to suppose that you have two enemies, one of whom robs you while the other threatens your life."

"But Mr. Holmes said that he was not going to Briarbrae."

"I have known him for some time," said I, "but I never knew him do anything yet without a very good reason," and with that our conversation drifted off into other topics.

But it was a weary day for me. Phelps was still weak after his long illness, and his misfortunes made him querulous and nervous. In vain I endeavoured to interest him in Afghanistan, in India, in social questions, in anything which might take his mind out of the groove. He would always come back to his lost treaty; wondering, guessing, speculating as to what Holmes was doing, what steps Lord Holdhurst was taking, what news we should have in the morning. As the evening wore on, his excitement became quite painful.

"You have implicit faith in Holmes?" he asked.

"I have seen him do some remarkable things."

"But he never brought light into anything quite so dark as this?"

"Oh, yes; I have known him solve questions which presented fewer clues than yours."

"But not where such large interests are at stake?"

"I don't know that. To my certain knowledge he has acted on behalf of three of the reigning Houses of Europe in very vital matters."

"But you know him well, Watson. He is such an inscrutable fellow, that I never quite know what to make of him. Do you think he is hopeful? Do you think he expects to make a success of it?"

"He has said nothing."

"That is a bad sign."

"On the contrary, I have noticed that when he is off the trail he generally says so. It is when he is on a scent, and is not quite absolutely sure yet that it is the right one, that he is most taciturn. Now, my dear fellow, we can't help matters by making ourselves nervous about them, so let me implore you to go to bed, and so be fresh for whatever may await us to-morrow."

I was able at last to persuade my companion to take my advice, though I knew from his excited manner that there was not much hope of sleep for him. Indeed, his mood was infectious, for I lay tossing half the night myself, brooding over this strange, problem, and inventing a hundred theories each of which was more impossible than the last. Why had Holmes remained at Woking? Why had he asked Miss Harrison to remain in the sick room all day? Why had he been so careful not to inform the people at Briarbrae that he intended to remain near them? I cudgelled my brains until I fell asleep in the endeavour to find some explanation which would cover all these facts.

It was seven o'clock when I awoke, and I set off at once for Phelps's room, to find him haggard and spent after a sleepless night. His first question was whether Holmes had arrived yet.

"He'll be here when he promised," said I, "and not an instant sooner or later."

And my words were true, for shortly after eight a hansom dashed up to the door and our friend got out of it. Standing in the window, we saw that his left hand was swathed in a bandage and that his face was very grim and pale. He entered the house, but it was some little time before he came upstairs.

"He looks like a beaten man," cried Phelps.

I was forced to confess that he was right. "After all," said I, "the clue of the matter lies probably here in town."

Phelps gave a groan.

"I don't know how it is," said he, "but I had hoped for so much from his return. But surely his hand was not tied up like that yesterday? What can be the matter?"

"You are not wounded, Holmes?" I asked, as my friend entered the room.

"Tut, it is only a scratch through my own clumsiness," he answered, nodding his good morning to us. "This case of yours, Mr. Phelps, is certainly one of the darkest which I have ever investigated."

said Holmes, uncovering a dish of curried chicken. "Her cuisine is a little limited, but she has as good an idea of breakfast as a Scotchwoman. What have you there, Watson?"

"Ham and eggs," I answered.

"Good! What are you going to take, Mr. Phelps: curried fowl, or eggs, or will you help yourself?"

"Thank you, I can eat nothing," said Phelps.

"Oh, come! Try the dish before you."

"Thank you, I would really rather not."

"Well, then," said Holmes, with a mischievous twinkle, "I suppose that you have no objection to helping me?"

Phelps raised the cover, and as he did so



"PHELPS RAISED THE COVER."

"I feared that you would find it beyond you."

"It has been a most remarkable experience."

"That bandage tells of adventures," said I. "Won't you tell us what has happened?"

"After breakfast, my dear Watson. Remember that I have breathed thirty miles of Surrey air this morning. I suppose there has been no answer from my cabman advertisement? Well, well, we cannot expect to score every time."

The table was all laid, and, just as I was about to ring, Mrs. Hudson entered with the tea and coffee. A few minutes later she brought in three covers, and we all drew up to the table, Holmes ravenous, I curious, and Phelps in the gloomiest state of depression.

"Mrs. Hudson has risen to the occasion,"

he uttered a scream, and sat there staring with a face as white as the plate upon which he looked. Across the centre of it was lying a little cylinder of blue-grey paper. He caught it up, devoured it with his eyes, and then danced madly about the room, pressing it to his bosom and shrieking out in his delight. Then he fell back into an arm-chair, so limp and exhausted with his own emotions that we had to pour brandy down his throat to keep him from fainting.

"There! there!" said Holmes, soothingly, patting him upon the shoulder. "It was too bad to spring it on you like this; but Watson here will tell you that I never can resist a touch of the dramatic."

Phelps seized his hand and kissed it.

"God bless you!" he cried; "you have saved my honour."

"Well, my own was at stake, you know," said Holmes. "I assure you, it is just as hateful to me to fail in a case as it can be to you to blunder over a commission."

Phelps thrust away the precious document into the innermost pocket of his coat.

"I have not the heart to interrupt your breakfast any further, and yet I am dying to know how you got it and where it was."

Sherlock Holmes swallowed a cup of coffee and turned his attention to the ham and eggs. Then he rose, lit his pipe, and settled himself down into his chair.

"I'll tell you what I did first, and how I came to do it afterwards," said he. "After leaving you at the station I went for a charming walk through some admirable Surrey scenery to a pretty little village called Ripley, where I had my tea at an inn, and took the precaution of filling my flask and of putting a paper of sandwiches in my pocket. There I remained until evening, when I set off for Woking again, and found myself in the high road outside Briarbrae just after sunset.

"Well, I waited until the road was clear—it is never a very frequented one at any time, I fancy—and then I clambered over the fence into the grounds."

"Surely the gate was open?" ejaculated Phelps.

"Yes; but I have a peculiar taste in these matters. I chose the place where the three fir trees stand, and behind their screen I got over without the least chance of anyone in the house being able to see me. I crouched down among the bushes on the other side, and crawled from one to the other—witness the disreputable state of my trouser knees—until I had reached the clump of rhododendrons just opposite to your bedroom window. There I squatted down and awaited developments.

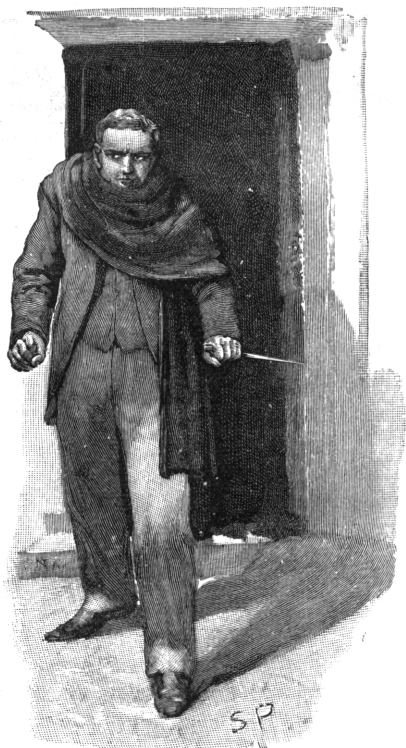
"The blind was not down in your room, and I could see Miss Harrison sitting there reading by the table. It was a quarter past ten when she closed her book, fastened the shutters, and retired. I heard her shut the door, and felt quite sure that she had turned the key in the lock."

"The key?" ejaculated Phelps.

"Yes, I had given Miss Harrison instructions to lock the door on the outside and take the key with her when she went to bed. She carried out every one of my injunctions to the letter, and certainly without her co-operation you would not have that paper in

your coat pocket. She departed then and the lights went out, and I was left squatting in the rhododendron bush.

"The night was fine, but still it was a very weary vigil. Of course, it has the sort of excitement about it that the sportsman feels when he lies beside the water-course and waits for the big game. It was very long, though—almost as long, Watson, as when you and I waited in that deadly room when we looked into the little problem of the 'Speckled Band.' There was a church clock down at Woking which struck the quarters, and I thought more than once that it had stopped. At last, however, about two in the morning, I suddenly heard the gentle sound of a bolt being pushed back, and the creaking of a key. A moment later the servants' door was opened, and Mr. Joseph Harrison stepped out into the moonlight."



"JOSEPH HARRISON STEPPED OUT."

"Joseph!" ejaculated Phelps.

"He was bare-headed, but he had a black cloak thrown over his shoulder so that he could conceal his face in an instant, if there were any alarm. He walked on tip-toe under the shadow of the wall, and when he reached the window, he worked a long-bladed knife

through the sash and pushed back the catch. Then he flung open the window and, putting his knife through the crack in the shutters, he thrust the bar up and swung them open.

"From where I lay I had a perfect view of the inside of the room and of every one of his movements. He lit the two candles which stand upon the mantelpiece, and then he proceeded to turn back the corner of the carpet in the neighbourhood of the door. Presently he stooped and picked out a square piece of board, such as is usually left to enable plumbers to get at the joints of the gas pipes. This one covered, as a matter of fact, the T-joint which gives off the pipe which supplies the kitchen underneath. Out of this hiding-place he drew that little cylinder of paper, pushed down the board, rearranged the carpet, blew out the candles, and walked straight into my arms as I stood waiting for him outside the window.

"Well, he has rather more viciousness than I gave him credit for, has Master Joseph. He flew at me with his knife, and I had to grass him twice, and got a cut over the knuckles, before I had the upper hand of him. He looked 'murder' out of the only eye he could see with when we had finished, but he listened to reason and gave up the papers. Having got them I let my man go, but I wired full particulars to Forbes this morning. If he is quick enough to catch his bird, well and good! But if, as I shrewdly suspect, he finds the nest empty before he gets there, why, all the better for the Government. I fancy that Lord Holdhurst, for one, and Mr. Percy Phelps for another, would very much rather that the affair never got as far as a police-court."

"My God!" gasped our client. "Do you tell me that during these long ten weeks of agony, the stolen papers were within the very room with me all the time?"

"So it was."

"And Joseph! Joseph a villain and a thief!"

"Hum! I am afraid Joseph's character is a rather deeper and more dangerous one than one might judge from his appearance. From what I have heard from him this morning, I gather that he has lost heavily in dabbling with stocks, and that he is ready to do anything on earth to better his fortunes. Being an absolutely selfish man, when a chance presented itself he did not allow either his sister's happiness or your reputation to hold his hand."

Percy Phelps sank back in his chair.

"My head whirls," said he; "your words have dazed me."

"The principal difficulty in your case," remarked Holmes, in his didactic fashion, "lay in the fact of there being too much evidence. What was vital was overlaid and hidden by what was irrelevant. Of all the facts which were presented to us, we had to pick just those which we deemed to be essential, and then piece them together in their order, so as to reconstruct this very remarkable chain of events. I had already begun to suspect Joseph, from the fact that you had intended to travel home with him that night, and that therefore it was a likely enough thing that he should call for you—knowing the Foreign Office well—upon his way. When I heard that someone had been so anxious to get into the bedroom, in which no one but Joseph could have concealed anything—you told us in your narrative how you had turned Joseph out when you arrived with the doctor—my suspicions all changed to certainties, especially as the attempt was made on the first night upon which the nurse was absent, showing that the intruder was well acquainted with the ways of the house."

"How blind I have been!"

"The facts of the case, as far as I have worked them out, are these: This Joseph Harrison entered the office through the Charles Street door, and knowing his way he walked straight into your room the instant after you left it. Finding no one there he promptly rang the bell, and at the instant that he did so his eyes caught the paper upon the table. A glance showed him that chance had put in his way a State document of immense value, and in an instant he had thrust it into his pocket and was gone. A few minutes elapsed, as you remember, before the sleepy commissioner drew your attention to the bell, and those were just enough to give the thief time to make his escape.

"He made his way to Woking by the first train, and, having examined his booty and assured himself that it really was of immense value, he concealed it in what he thought was a very safe place, with the intention of taking it out again in a day or two, and carrying it to the French Embassy, or wherever he thought that a long price was to be had. Then came your sudden return. He, without a moment's warning, was bundled out of his room, and from that time onwards there were always at least two of you there to prevent him from regaining his treasure. The situation to him must have been a maddening one. But at last he thought he saw his

chance. He tried to steal in, but was baffled by your wakefulness. You may remember that you did not take your usual draught that night."

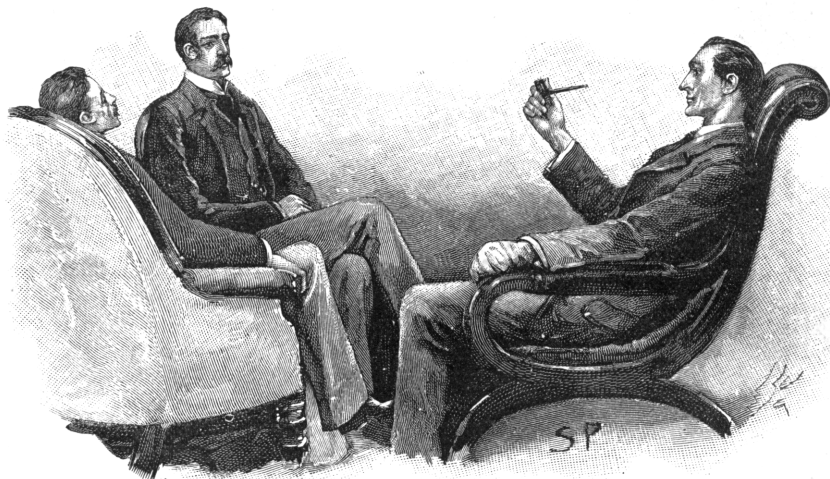
"I remember."

"I fancy that he had taken steps to make that draught efficacious, and that he quite relied upon your being unconscious. Of course, I understood that he would repeat the attempt whenever it could be done with safety. Your leaving the room gave him the

therefore, from the hiding-place, and so saved myself an infinity of trouble. Is there any other point which I can make clear?"

"Why did he try the window on the first occasion," I asked, "when he might have entered by the door?"

"In reaching the door he would have to pass seven bedrooms. On the other hand, he could get out on to the lawn with ease. Anything else?"



"IS THERE ANY OTHER POINT WHICH I CAN MAKE CLEAR?"

chance he wanted. I kept Miss Harrison in it all day, so that he might not anticipate us. Then, having given him the idea that the coast was clear, I kept guard as I have described. I already knew that the papers were probably in the room, but I had no desire to rip up all the planking and skirting in search of them. I let him take them,

"You do not think," asked Phelps, "that he had any murderous intention? The knife was only meant as a tool."

"It may be so," answered Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "I can only say for certain that Mr. Joseph Harrison is a gentleman to whose mercy I should be extremely unwilling to trust."

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

X.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

NEW
LIGHTS IN
THE NEW
HOUSE.

MR. GLADSTONE, meditating in the brief recess on the Parliament which meets again in this month of November, after one of the most arduous Sessions of modern times, has come to the conclusion that, taking it as a whole, whilst it has developed no marked phases of individual brilliancy or Parliamentary capacity, the present House of Commons is rather above the average than below it. That is an opinion possibly unconsciously influenced by the fact that it has, in face of unprecedented opposition, passed the Home Rule Bill.

However it be as to the general composition of the new House, there can be no question of the accuracy of the admission that at the end of twelve months no new member has stood forth with promise of making a high or even a first-class position. It is possible that the peculiar circumstances of the Session have in some degree been responsible for this. For months, when dealing with the principal measures of the year, the gag was morally enforced upon the rank-and-file of the Ministerial party. No one concerned for the advance of the Bill wanted to know what a young member thought of it, or how, opportunity given him, he would express himself. What was wanted was his vote.

"TOMMY" This state of
BOWLES, things did not
et cie. extend to the
Opposition side.

There there was the incentive of performing a double service to the party. By talking for half an hour a young Conservative of debating

capacity might pick a hole in the Home Rule Bill. By talking for sixty minutes, even if he said nothing to the point, he would postpone by an hour the passage of the obnoxious measure. It was a fine opportunity for young Chathams on the Conservative side. But the most striking if not the sole result has been Mr. "Tommy" Bowles. The member for King's Lynn early perceived his chance, and, late and early, has made use of it. Omniscient, impervious, he has filled so large a space on the Parliamentary canvas that there is hardly room for other figures; which, in view of the thirst for variety that marks average mankind, seems a pity.

Other new members on the Conservative side whose figures are partly visible behind the gigantic personality of the member for King's Lynn are Mr. Dunbar Barton, who has delivered some weighty speeches; Mr. Byrne, who has early caught the indescribable House of Commons' manner; and Mr. Vicary Gibbs, who has usefully instructed Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goschen, and other tyros on financial matters, not to speak of his interposition on the final step of the Home Rule Bill in Committee, which, undesignedly, led to the most memorable riot seen in the House of Commons since Cromwell's day.

Mr. Carson is a gentleman who enjoys the confidence of his colleagues on the Front Op-

position Bench, notably that of Mr. Arthur Balfour, no mean judge of Parliamentary capacity. It must be said from the point



"TOMMY" BOWLES.



"COERCION CARSON."

of view of the dispassionate observer, that the junior member for Dublin University has not, in several speeches made since Parliament met, justified expectation. He is not as yet able to shake off the manner learned through a long course of Crown prosecutions in Ireland. When he is discussing the speech or action of an hon. or right hon. gentleman opposite, he always treats him as if he had found him in the dock, and as if the brief before him hinted at unutterable crimes brought home to him by the inquiry and testimony of members of the Irish Constabulary. The manner is so natural and ingrained that there is doubt whether it will ever be overcome or even modified. This is a pity, for it is simply professional. Nevertheless—indeed, therefore—it will never do in the House of Commons.

MR. MORTON —NOT ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. On the Liberal side the name of Mr. E. C. J. Morton is the only one that occurs to the mind in search of promise among new members. The matter of his speech is admirable, its arrangement lucid, its argument persuasive. Success is marred by lack of grace in delivery, accentuated by Mr. Morton's insistence on addressing the House from the corner seat of the front bench below the gangway. It is apparently a small matter, but he would, for immediate effect, do twice as well if he spoke from a back bench. The position would have the double effect of making less obtrusive the appalling collection of papers which seem indispensable to his addresses, and would relieve a sensitive audience from the distrac-

tion of ungainly movements as, inflamed by his own eloquence, he, with shuffling feet, restlessly moves up and down and half way round.

Wales has brought no new member of note into the Parliamentary field, nor is there anything new from Ireland. Scotland,

with the dry humour for which it was ever famous, has contributed Mr. Weir and Dr. Macgregor. It would be impossible for the ordinary student of Parliamentary reports to understand why these two gentlemen should make the House roar with laughter. It is not easy by any pen description to convey the secret. It lies in subtle eccentricities of manner, voice, attitude, and gesture. Mr. Weir, his useful legislative career unhappily handicapped by indisposition, has never taken part in ordered debate. He has found a wide and fruitful field of labour in addressing questions to Ministers. They do not often rise nearer to heights of Imperial interest than is found in the state of the drains at Pitlochrie, the tardy arrival of a train on the Highland Railway, or the post-



MR. GALLOWAY WEIR.

ponement by forty minutes of a telegram addressed to a fishmonger who thought it would reach Lochaber no more.

If Mr. Weir's mission, when he rises with two questions in hand, were to announce that the Russians are bivouacked on the Pamirs, or that the Tricolour flag flaunts over Bangkok, his manner could not be more impressive.

It is testimony to the richness of the soil that he has grafted upon it two distinct manners. When he first delighted the House by appearing at question time, he was wont

slowly to rise in response to the Speaker's call. For a moment no sound issued from his lips. He gazed round the waiting House and then, drawing forth his *pince-nez*, placed it on his nose with majestic sweep of the right arm. Another pause, and there was heard, rolling through the hushed Chamber, a deep chest note saying, "Mr. Speaker, Sir, I beg to ask the right hon. gentleman the Secretary for Scotland Ques-ti-on Number Eighty-three." Mr. Weir did not forthwith drop into his seat as others do when they have put a question. With another majestic sweep of the arm he removed the *pince-nez*, glanced round to watch the effect of his interposition, and slowly subsided, staring haughtily round at members rolling about in their seats in ecstasy of laughter at the little comedy. Mr. Weir rarely had less than a cluster of four questions on the paper, and, in time, it came to pass that his successive rising to put them was hailed with an enthusiastic burst of cheering that plainly puzzled the strangers in the gallery.

Towards the middle of the Session he achieved a new success. At an epoch when the Government were sorely pressed for time, he rose and, addressing Mr. Gladstone in his slow, solemn manner, invited him to state whether it would not be more convenient for members who had questions on the paper simply to recite the number, at which cue the Minister should rise and reply. This, from a gentleman whose preliminaries to a question often occupied as much time as the setting forth of the answer, hugely delighted the House. Mr. Weir was not to be disconcerted, and the next day, having on the paper his customary cluster of interrogations, he, being called on by the Speaker, responded with the remark, "Forty-four," going on as his turn came round with the subsequent remarks, "Forty-five," "Forty-six," "Forty-seven." No mere print could indicate the force and meaning he threw into the intonation of these numerals.

As for the purport of these momentous

interrogatories, I take at random two, following in a group of six which appear on one day's paper on an evening just before the adjournment for the holidays:—

"To ask the Secretary for Scotland, whether he is aware that Mr. Gordon, land valuator, one of the Deer Forest Commissioners now engaged in Caithness, has for a number of years acted as valuator for many of the landlords in that county: and, if he will inquire into the circumstances of the case."

"To ask the Secretary of State for War, how many black powder '303 cartridges can be fired from the Maxim machine gun before the barrel becomes unfit for accurate shooting."

Dr. Macgregor's manner, not less attractive to the House, GREGOR. which, above all things, likes to laugh, is wholly different. Whilst

Mr. Weir sits below the gangway, a position indicative of an independent mind, prepared upon occasion to vote against esteemed leaders, Dr. Macgregor is posted in the rear of the Treasury Bench, ready to protect its occupants against any strategic movement of the enemy. Like his countryman, he is interrogative in his manner, but unlike Mr. Weir, he has been known to take part in ordered debate. Whether rising to put a question or make a speech, nothing can exceed the impressiveness of his manner.

He was, from the first, convinced that Mr. Gladstone was too slow to anger against obstructive policy in the House of Commons. He felt unwilling to embarrass his right hon. friend, who, after all, might, to a certain extent, be supposed to know something of his own business. But the manner in which, with elbow resting on the back of the bench, and with legs crossed, the Doctor shook his head at fresh instances of unchecked inroads of obstruction, was more eloquent than words.

At one crisis he was moved to take upon himself the responsibility of immediate action. One night whilst the House was in Committee



DR. MACGREGOR.

on the Home Rule Bill, he rose and gravely gave the gentlemen opposite a week's notice. If, he said, at six o'clock on the following Friday the particular clause under discussion were not passed, he would move that forthwith the question be put, "that the clause be added to the Bill."

The Opposition affected to make light of this, but it was not without a thrill of apprehension they found the Doctor at his place when the fatal hour struck. It was a morning sitting, on which occasion the debate automatically closes at ten minutes to seven. Somehow the Doctor missed his chance, and before he could retrieve the opportunity the hands of the clock touched ten minutes to seven, and all was over for the day. But a very short time after a Cabinet Council was held, at which it was decided that obstruction must be scotched, and notice was given of the introduction of the guillotine process.

It was at a later stage of the interminable debate that Dr. Macgregor, whom members had forgotten, again appeared on the scene. The House had long been debating an amendment on the Report stage. The division was imminent. The Speaker had, indeed, risen to put the question, when Dr. Macgregor interposed, and, waving the Speaker down, said in solemn tones, "Mr. Speaker, Sir, one or two ideas have occurred to me."

What they might have been was never disclosed beyond the inquiry, not original—Dr. Macgregor attributed it to the late Sydney Smith—"When doctors differ, who shall decide?" The House laughed so uproariously, that Dr. Macgregor got no further, and was fain to resume his seat. Not to this day has he understood why the House should have gone into paroxysms of laughter at his opening sentence, though he probably has since ascertained that the epigrammatic remark he quoted was wrongly attributed to Sydney Smith.

Whilst no young members have earned laurels in the new Parliament, some old ones have added many leaves to theirs. First, appropriately, though not in accordance with invariable custom, comes the Premier. For twenty years I have had constant opportunity of observing Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, and declare that never within that time has he excelled himself as compared with the past Session. He may have made speeches more striking in respect of eloquence and force, though of that I am doubtful. Taking the whole con-



MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS LIEUTENANTS.

duct of the Session, which has weighed almost exclusively upon his shoulders, there is nothing in his prime to compare with this prolonged triumph. At the beginning of the Session it was taken as a matter of course that he would divide the labour of the year with Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. The plan was so excellent and precise that it was impossible to doubt its actuality. Mr. Gladstone was to introduce the Home Rule Bill, even to move the second reading. Charge of the long debate expected on this stage, and more especially the wearying work night after night in Committee, were to be confided to the Chief Secretary, whilst Sir William Harcourt would remain on guard reserved for emergencies.

As for Mr. Gladstone, he would probably be in his place every day up to the dinner hour, at approach of which he would disappear with the certainty of being put to bed before midnight. Conservative newspapers, anxious



MR. GLADSTONE GOES HOME.

above all things that the precious life of the Premier should not be endangered, were not to be comforted even by this prospect. It would, they perpended, be too much for a statesman, his energies sapped by sixty years' hard labour in the public service.

Of what really happened the student of Parliamentary reports has a general idea, though the situation can be fully realized only by those present in the House day by day and through all the sitting. Whilst the Home Rule Bill was to the fore, Mr. Gladstone was, with an interval for dinner, in his place from first to last. Even the dinner hour he cut shorter than was others' wont. Often when the hands of the clock drew close to eight and the Chamber grew empty, Mr. Gladstone was found at the end of the Treasury Bench, with hand to ear listening intently to some inconsiderable member at whose uprising the audience had hastily dispersed. Mr. Morley had no chance with him, nor Sir William Harcourt either. It might have been thought that he would be content with answering Mr. Balfour or his "right hon. friend" Mr. Chamberlain, leaving to the Chief Secretary or the Solicitor-General the task of replying to members of smaller calibre. That was a reasonable expectation, disappointed, if necessary, half-a-dozen times in a sitting. No one was too inconsiderable for him to reply to.

The only place at which he drew a line was the occasional interposition of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, though with what pang self-restraint was here observed no man knoweth. In the opinion of some of his hearers he marred the otherwise perfect symmetry of his speech on the third reading, by devoting the opening passages to the confusion of Mr. Chaplin, who had challenged his presentation of Cavour's views on Irish Home Rule.

It seemed to impatient onlookers that this constant appearance of the Premier on the scene was conducive to prolongation of the

debate. If in Committee he had taken a course that would certainly have been adopted by Mr. Disraeli — either ignored the speech of a second or third rate man, or let it be answered by the Minister conjoined with himself in charge of the Bill — the conversation would have flickered out. The interposition of the Premier, upon whatever inducement, instantly raised the debate to the highest level, and drew into the controversy leaders in other parts of the House who otherwise would have abstained from speech. On many occasions that was indubitably true. The habit is mentioned here merely in illustration of the tireless activity of the youthful octogenarian.

The success which attended a much disputed strategy of the Premier's on analogous lines, makes one chary of assuming that he was, on the whole, wrong in this particular matter. On successive stages of the Bill the obstruction with which it was met wore away such patience as is possessed by the Radical section of his supporters. Had they won their way, the duration of the struggle would have been nearer forty days than eighty-two. Since the Reform Bill of 1831 was disposed of in forty-seven days, the Corn

Laws repealed in ten days, the Reform Bill of 1867 passed in thirty-four days, the Irish Church Disestablished in nineteen days, and the Irish Land Act of 1881 run through the Commons in forty-six days, that might have been held to suffice. Mr. Gladstone, patient, long-suffering beyond average capacity, resisted importunity, and without once even showing signs of losing his temper, politely pegged away.

He had his reward in a triumph which, as far as I have observed, did not in the comments on the final stage of the controversy receive the notice it merited. A main plank in Mr. Chamberlain's policy, eagerly adopted by the united Opposition, was to force the hand of the Government in the matter of the Closure, and thus provide excuse for the



"TIRELESS ACTIVITY."

House of Lords to throw out the Bill on the ground that it had not been fully debated in the Commons. The Old Parliamentary Hand perceived this game, and though Mr. Chamberlain won to the extent that the Closure was in the end systematically applied, Mr. Gladstone trumped his card by allotting to the measure a period of discussion equal in the aggregate to what had sufficed for the



"I SEE YOU, MR. FOX."

establishment of the Union, the passing of the Reform Act, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The result of this was seen when the Bill reached the Lords. Neither Lord Salisbury, as Leader of the Conservative Opposition, nor Lord Selborne, representing the Dissident Liberals, once alluded to "the gag."

Next to Mr. Gladstone, the honours of the Session undoubtedly rest with Mr. Balfour. The fact that he has not pushed his way to the front makes fuller the satisfaction with which his arrival is hailed. His position has been one of peculiar difficulty. Early in the Session his supremacy was threatened by the reappearance of Lord Randolph Churchill on the scene. In the Conservative ranks there was a sneaking affection for Lord Randolph, in which lurked grave potentialities. He had shown them sport in earlier days. To him more than to any other was due the overthrow of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry in 1885. At the beginning of the Session he was the dark horse of the political race. No one could

say at what point of it his colours might not suddenly flash.

Mr. Balfour at that time had shown no particular aptitude for the post of Leader, to which, consequent upon Lord Randolph's withdrawal from the boards, he had been called. He was plainly indifferent to the pride of place, and evidently bored with the duties it imposed upon him. Even in the matter of attendance he flouted the traditions of the commander of an army in time of war. He came late to his post on the Front Opposition Bench, and, like Charles Lamb at the India Office, made up for it by going away early. Of all men in the House he seemed most indifferent to the prospect of Lord Randolph Churchill's re-appearance. It was, I believe, at his instance that the Prodigal was invited to return to his old home on the Front Opposition Bench. It was from his side that Lord Randolph rose to make the speech on the introduction of the Irish Home Rule Bill that marked his re-entry in Parliamentary life. No voice cheered him so loudly as did Mr. Balfour's. As he spoke, no face beamed upon him with such kindly



"A FRIENDLY SMILE."

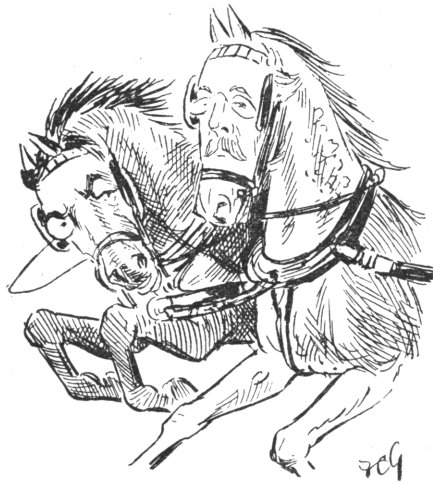
interest and friendly encouragement. The keen-eyed House, watching the scene with the interest all personal questions have for it, recognised in the young Leader's bearing at this critical epoch the simple influence of a fine nature incapable of petty jealousy, indifferent to personal aggrandisement.

MR.
CHAMBER-
LAIN.

Another and more truculent horn of Mr. Balfour's dilemma projected from the corner seat below the gangway on the benches opposite. It is no easy matter to run in

double harness with Mr. Chamberlain. At the end of a memorable and exciting course, it must be admitted that Mr. Balfour has achieved the undertaking with supreme credit. There have been times when party animosity has discovered Mr. Chamberlain leading and Mr. Balfour following. That would, in the circumstances, be personally and politically a position in which a high-spirited man would find life unbearable, in which open revolt would be irresistible. Whatever may have been Mr. Balfour's secret thoughts at particular turns of the long game, he has never publicly betrayed consciousness of the alleged situation. Only once has the House fancied he showed any disposition to lay a warning hand on Mr. Chamberlain's shoulder.

This happened on the seventy-fourth night "the gagged House" had been talking at large round the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Gladstone moved a resolution designed on the following Friday to bring the Report stage to a conclusion. Mr. Chamberlain resisted this in a speech more than usually acrimonious in its tone, in the course of which his "right hon. friend" on the Treasury Bench came in for something over the customary measure of attention. The attack, considering its elaborate preparation and the force with which it was delivered, had fallen a little flat—probably not



"DOUBLE HARNESS."

grace, a courtesy, and something of personal deference which recalled the highest Parliamentary standard. Unfriendly critics insisted that this tone and manner were specially designed to contrast with Mr. Chamberlain's. More probably it was due to a mere accident of exceptional good health and temper. However it be, it marked an advance in Mr. Balfour's supremacy over the House

because it was less brilliant or forceful than Mr. Chamberlain's speeches through the Session had been; but because even the Opposition were under the spell of the monotony of vituperation. Mr. Chamberlain began the debate, and Mr. Balfour closed it in a speech not less effective from a debating point of view, but infused by an entirely different spirit. He did not spare the adversary, but his attempts to dispatch him were conducted with a

from which he has not since fallen away. The marked approval of the most critical assembly in the world has reacted upon him, and success has engendered the resolve to succeed.

There is no temptation
THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

for noble Lords to flock to London to take their part in the autumn Session. As a rule, the vast majority of peers are successful in dissembling their interest in Parliamentary life. When the roll was scanned in



"LORDS."

anticipation of the division on the Home Rule Bill last September, it was found, though the Parliament of Victoria was already twelve months old, upwards of 100 peers had not made response to the writ received by them when it was summoned. They came up breathless in batches of a dozen or a score in time to vote against the Bill. That duty accomplished they have gone their ways, and will certainly not come to town for an autumn Session, in which no sacred ark of Land, or Church, or Union is touched.

It must be admitted that, on the whole, the House of Lords is not an attractive place, either for members or for lookers on. During the Session it meets four days a week, but oftener than not finds itself in the position of having no work to do. The Lord Chancellor, with something of the pomp, circumstance, and inutility of the valiant Duke of York, marches up to the Woolsack and marches back again; when, as the Parliamentary report puts it, "the House then adjourned."

For all practical purposes the House of Lords might for at least three months of an ordinary Session be content with meeting once a week, and need not on that particular night sit beyond the dinner hour. As such an arrangement would imply that for six days out of the seven the world would go round pretty much the same as if their lordships were in Session, they are not likely to fall in with this suggestion.

In various matters of procedure the House of Lords differs from the Commons. Like the Commons, it is presided over by a member of its own body, holding his seat by equal tenure. But a gulf, wider than the passage between the two Houses, divides the Lord Chancellor from the Speaker. In the first place the Speaker is elected by the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor is nominated by and is actually a member

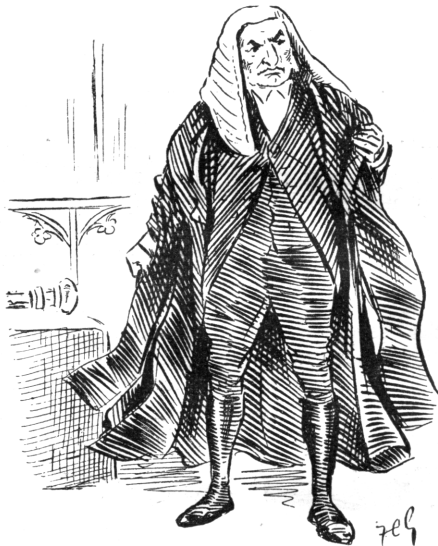
of the Government of the day. The consequence follows that whilst the Speaker is above all political consideration, the Lord Chancellor is a leading active member of his party. The Speaker never takes part in debate. In the House of Lords no big debate is complete without a deliverance from the Lord Chancellor.

It is a quaint custom, significant of some uneasiness in the situation, that when the Lord Chancellor takes part in debate, he steps a pace to the left of the Woolsack; thus, as it were, temporarily divesting himself of presidential function and speaking as a private member.

One natural consequence of the diverse circumstances under which the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker come to the chair is seen in their varied measure of authority. The Lord Chancellor presides, but does not govern. The Speaker in the chair of the House of Commons is autocratic. Whilst the Speaker orders the course of a debate, selecting successive contributors out of the competing throng, no one in the Lords is so poor as to do the Chancellor the reverence of trying to "catch his eye." In a set debate like that of September, the succession of

speakers is settled by the Whips in conference on either side.

Another custom in which Lords and Commons pointedly differ is in the matter of reference to individual members made in the course of debate. In the Commons it is a grave breach of order that would be promptly and angrily resented for any member to allude to another by name. He is always "the hon. member" for the borough or county he represents, "the right hon. gentleman," "the noble lord," or "my hon. friend." The only variation to this custom is on the part of the Speaker, who when he calls upon a member to take his turn in debate, does so by name. Even the Speaker



THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

when addressing the House from the chair, and having occasion to allude to a member personally, must needs adopt the roundabout style enjoined by the House of Commons' usage. Since the peers represent no one but themselves, this practice would in their House be impossible. Members are accordingly directly alluded to in debate by their ordinary name and style.

HATS.

In the House of Commons it is the custom for members to wear hats while seated in debate, a fashion which strikes the stranger in the gallery as very odd. In the Lords, the hat is permissible, but its use is exceptional. There is a good and sufficient reason for this variation of custom. Whilst the House of Commons have for centuries been engaged in making history, they have never had a hat-rail made for themselves. It is true there is a cloak-room, half way down the broad staircase that gives entrance to the Lobby. But a hat might almost as well be left at home as planted out there. The Lords have hat and coat rail conveniently set in the hall outside the glorious brass gateway that opens on to their House. Peers in regular attendance have their own hook bearing their honoured name. It is as natural to place their hats there as it is to leave them in the hall of their residence, and they do it accordingly.

Last Session the First Commissioner of Works had his attention called by a despairing member of the House of Commons to this curious omission. Possibly when the new Session opens members may find a House of Commons, for the first time in its history, endowed with a convenient hat-rail.

Whilst members generally wear their hats in the House of Commons, Ministers are distinguished among other things by usually sitting bare-headed. This is doubtless owing to the fact that most Ministers have private rooms behind the Speaker's chair, where they can conveniently

leave their out-of-door apparel. There are not many members of the present Parliament who ever saw Mr. Gladstone seated on either front bench with his own hat on. Last time he wore his hat in the House was eighteen years ago. In the Session of 1875, he, having in a famous letter confided to Lord Granville his intention to retire from political life, occasionally looked in to see how things were getting on under Lord Hartington's leadership. Always he brought his hat with him and put it on as he sat at the end of the Front Opposition Bench, a quarter usually affected by ex-Under-Secretaries. Also, he wore his gloves and carried his stick, all, perhaps unconsciously, designed to complete the casual character of his visit and the "hope I don't intrude"-ness of his bearing. When news came of the Bulgarian atrocities, hat and gloves and stick were left outside the House, and have never since been seen in the House with the Speaker in the chair.

I said just now that not many members of the present Parliament have seen Mr. Gladstone with his own hat on. The distinction was drawn advisedly, for there is a time of later date when he was seen in the House under someone else's. It happened in the troublous days of the Parliament, 1885. One night business had boiled over in a storm of disorder. The House had been cleared for a division, in which circumstance a member desiring to address the Chair must do so seated, with his hat on. The Premier wished to raise a point of order, but his hat was in his room. Half-a-dozen were proffered for his use. He accepted the loan of that of the colleague who was then Sir Farrer Herschell, Solicitor-General. Mr. Gladstone

put it on, to find it was several sizes too small.

Many years have passed since that day, but none who were present can forget the curious effect as, with the inadequate hat comically cocked over his gleaming eye, the Premier addressed the appalled Chairman of Committees.



"TOO SMALL?"

A Haunted Villa of the Present Century.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.



IN the early part of the spring of this year, Florence was full of visitors, drawn thither by the presence of that august personage, Queen Victoria of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, at the Villa Palmieri. Many of these strangers flocked to the hotels in the town, while others rented the numerous villas that stud the hills by which this ancient and interesting city is surrounded. Among these villas there are some very old ones, having been built centuries ago; although, to suit the inhabitants of the present day, the hands of modern architects have obliterated the external façades and altered the internal arrangements of these ancient structures.

On a hill on the old road to Fiesole there was a large, square-built villa, that formerly belonged to a wealthy Italian, who could trace his family name to the Etruscan period. He died a few years since, leaving the whole of his property, which was very considerable, in trust to his only son, a mere babe then, and now not yet out of his teens. The villa in question, which is part of the inheritance, standing as I have already stated on the summit of a hill, is a two-story one, and stands in its own grounds, which are very extensive and woody. From the terrace, which is level with the ground floor, there is a magnificent view of Florence and the neighbouring hills that surround it; but with all its grandeur of situation and comfort, there has been some mystery about it—at least, people have imagined so—and this handsome habitation has remained unlet for many years.

This spring, however, an exception was made, and the villa was let for two months, to a scion of one of the noblest families in Europe, his charming consort and retinue. Before signing the contract they were ignorant of the many rumours that were afloat about the villa, but soon after taking possession, they were informed by kind, or rather unkind, neighbours and others that the house was said to be haunted. Some said that there were subterranean chambers and passages

which were frequented by malefactors, such as counterfeit coiners and other rogues. Another that there was a secret vault, where most of the valuable property left by the late proprietor had been stored, to avoid property taxes, which in Italy would amount to enormous sums; and thus, for fear of discovery, the villa was kept unlet.

These rumours did not conduce to the peace of mind of the new tenants; this was especially so with one, who was the hostess's companion, and was a young lady of nervous temperament, and very imaginative. In fact, on the very first night after taking possession of their temporary abode, this young lady's rest was disturbed by unaccountable, and, as she called them, unearthly, noises.

It is necessary here to state that the whole of the noble family and followers slept on the first floor, and that the noises seemed to emanate either from the ground floor or basement. There was said to be howling, slamming of doors, tapping, and noises as if furniture was being dragged along the floor.

At first they endeavoured to ascertain for themselves the causes of these nocturnal disturbances, but failing to make any discoveries, they consulted an old monk, who had inhabited that neighbourhood for years; but this religious luminary, instead of alleviating their fears, made them still more nervous by relating how a former owner of the villa had confessed to him, before he departed from this mortal sphere, that there were secret passages, chambers, and stairs in the villa. This made matters worse, if anything, and as some of the inmates became quite prostrate for want of sleep, they next consulted a high local official, who informed them that it was suspected that under a villa near Florence there were counterfeit coiners, but that they had never been able to ascertain the exact place, and he promised them assistance and sent officers from time to time, but during their presence there of a night no noises were heard, and they utterly failed to elucidate the mystery. At last they obtained the services of an Englishman who has had much



"ON THE VERY FIRST NIGHT THIS YOUNG LADY'S REST WAS DISTURBED."

experience in unravelling mysteries and detecting criminals, and who happened to be in Florence at the time.

He presented himself at the villa at half-past two in the afternoon of the 7th of April, and was received right royally by the noble scion and his good lady, and after listening attentively to all they had to say about their extraordinary nocturnal experiences, he was shown over the house by the lady and her youthful companion. The latter had been very active in discovering hollow sounds in the walls, trap-doors in the ceilings, which she suggested led to secret stairs, passages, and chambers, which were no doubt made use of by the natural or supernatural ghosts that disturbed their rest at night.

One of these trap-doors was pointed out to the officer, and he was told that it had been asserted there was a chamber above it sufficiently large to seat twenty-five persons round a table. He naturally could not conceive why and for what purpose such a place should have been built, which could only be reached through a small trap-door high up in the ceiling, and therefore asked if they ever had the curiosity of sending anyone up to this reputed secret chamber. He was informed that on one occasion a man-servant was sent up to inspect it, but that on pushing the trap-door back and looking in he gave a scream and jumped down, and, trembling

like an aspen leaf, swore that someone threw something at him, and that no money in the whole world would induce him to go up again.

The officer obtained a ladder and went up through the ceiling into this mysterious chamber, to find, alas! no ghost, no one there to throw anything at him, but only a narrow space between two walls, which are generally built to hide the back view of a staircase leading to the floor above. In a similar manner he explained away the rest of the suspected secret cupboards, hollow-sounding walls, etc., to the great delight of the two fair ladies, who appeared much reassured, although they still harped upon the noises they heard at night, which they hoped he, the officer, would be able to unravel and explain. He said that at present he was unable to offer an opinion about the matter, and the only way would be, if they heard the noises again, to let him know, and he would then pass a night there and endeavour to ascertain the cause.

A few days elapsed, and then he was told that the disturbances had recommenced, only not to the extent as before. So arrangements were made for the officer to spend a night there, and he arrived at the upper garden gate at 11.30 p.m. on Wednesday, the 12th April, when he was let in by the



"THE OFFICER OBTAINED A LADDER AND WENT UP THROUGH THE CEILING."

noble sire, who expected him, and who, by pre-arrangement, had sent all the servants, indeed everyone except his better half, to bed, so that the officer's presence there that night should not be known.

On entering the portals of this haunted mansion the front door was securely fastened, and care was taken to see that every window and door by which entrance could be obtained from the outside was properly secured, and this was done, as he explained, to enable him to ascertain if the intruder came from the outside, or through some secret door or other opening within the building. The next care was to procure a dark lantern, open all the inner doors of the ground floor to enable him to move from room to room with as little noise as possible, and finally to choose a place from which best to watch and wait for the coming ghost. All these arrangements

completed, the host and hostess were requested to retire to rest. A few minutes after he was left in sole possession of the ground floor, and in total darkness, barring a slight ray of light sent forth by the dark lantern. He threw himself into an arm-chair and tried to pierce the intense darkness, which became quite painful to his eyes. After about half an hour he found the light in the lantern was extinguished, and on examining it he found it defective and that he could make no more use of it, and he went from room to room in search of a fresh light. After a long search

he succeeded in finding a candle, which he placed in a candlestick and returned with it to his watching-place.

He had not long blown out the candle and thrown himself back in the arm-chair when he suddenly heard a distant noise as if something was being dragged along the polished parquet flooring. Quickly striking a match and lighting the candle, he advanced to the door leading to an inner room, when all of a sudden the candle fell out of the candlestick, rolling along the polished floor, leaving him in total darkness once more. He knelt on the floor, groping about in search of the

lost candle, and while in that position he felt as if something brushed against him, but the intense obscurity prevented him from ascertaining what it could be.

On recovering the candle he once more retraced his steps to the room where he had left the matches, and, obtaining a light, went round the different rooms, making a thorough inspection. On reaching the door leading from the drawing-room to the front hall, he noticed a rope being dragged along the floor; he jumped on the rope to arrest its further progress, but a sudden jerk from the other end, added to the slippery flooring, made him lose his footing, and he went sprawling on the ground, the candle falling from his hand. He was once more left in total darkness, but nevertheless succeeded in grasping the end of the rope, holding on tenaciously, hoping to arrest its progress; but



"HE JUMPED ON THE ROPE."

owing to the suddenness of his fall, added to the force by which the rope was being propelled, and the polished parquetry, he was dragged partially through the door leading into the hall. At that very moment the door of the staircase leading to the floor above flew open.

The final *tableau* was unique: at the foot of the stairs stood half-a-dozen domestics with ghastly pale faces, holding lights in their trembling hands, who, having heard the tumult below, mustered sufficient courage to come in a body to ascertain the cause. On the floor before them was the prostrate form

of the officer, holding in his right hand a revolver, and the left grasping firmly the end of a rope, the other end of which was fastened to the collar of a big pointer dog. This was the actual ghost who ought properly to have been fastened in the basement of the house, but through the negligence or kindness of one of the servants was allowed to promenade undisturbed the two floors. It was lucky for the officer as well as the dog that the latter was not ferocious, for had he been so, and attempted violence, his master would have been deprived of him by the aid of a bullet from the revolver.

Great London Fires.

BY SIDNEY GREENWOOD.

EARLY in the reign of Charles II., on Friday, September 2nd, 1666, broke out the Great Fire of London, which fact has been accorded a place in the history of our country, and upon which so much has been said.

Samuel Pepys, in his diaries, gives some interesting accounts of the events at the time of this disastrous scourge which befell the ancient City of London. The King himself lent a helping hand by taking command of a large body of citizens, who were bent upon applying science only as an effective means of dealing with such an enormous conflagration.

So far successful were they by blowing up houses with gunpowder to prevent the spreading of the flames, that certain streets were saved which otherwise would have been doomed and the damage still greater than it was. From the Tower to St. Paul's there was one mass of devastation. People were running in all directions, removing their goods and chattels to the river-side for conveyance. Steeples of churches gave way, and houses were ever falling in, many streets were reduced to ashes, and like hundreds of furnaces roaring amidst thunderous crashes.

The King rode up Cheapside on horseback, casting his eyes

around, viewing what was inevitably doomed to destruction.

The greatest argument then afloat as to the visitation of such a plague was that it was a punishment for the sin of gluttony; the origin of the fire being unexplained further than it broke out at Pudding Lane and ended at Pye Corner. The fire raged four days and nights, leaving the City as if a volcano had burst in its midst.

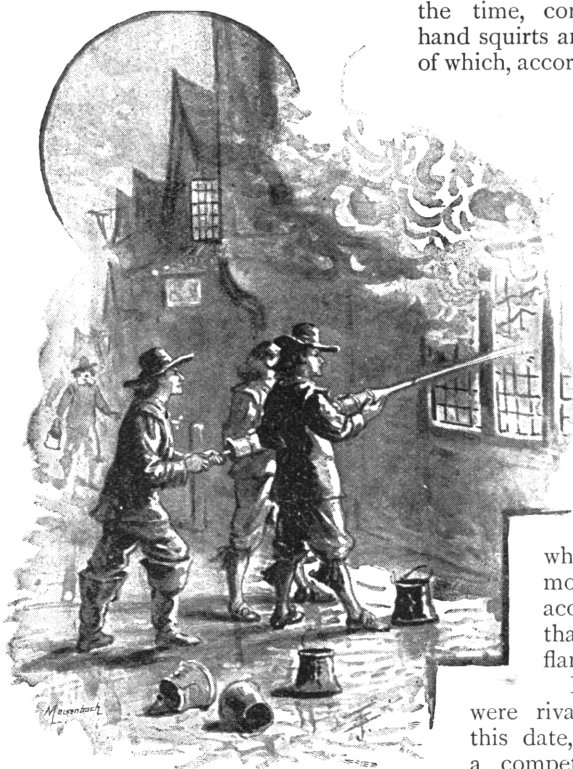
The beneficial consequences to the City soon became manifest, through the suggestions of the Aldermen to rebuild wider streets and to abolish wooden buildings; and instead of this misfortune being productive of so much evil, it proved of incalculable benefit to the country.

It may be interesting to mention here something about the crude and ineffective appliances which were in use at the time, consisting of "Brazen hand squirts and leathern buckets," of which, according to an Act passed

in 1667 by the Common Council, were provided for each of the parishes in the City two of these brazen squirts, holding about one gallon of water, and 800 leathern buckets to each of the four districts into which the City was divided; together with a number of pick-axes and shovels,

which were evidently of more use in gaining access to the houses than in beating out the flames.

Newsham and Fowke were rival engine makers of this date, and it was during a competition that those of the former proved to be more



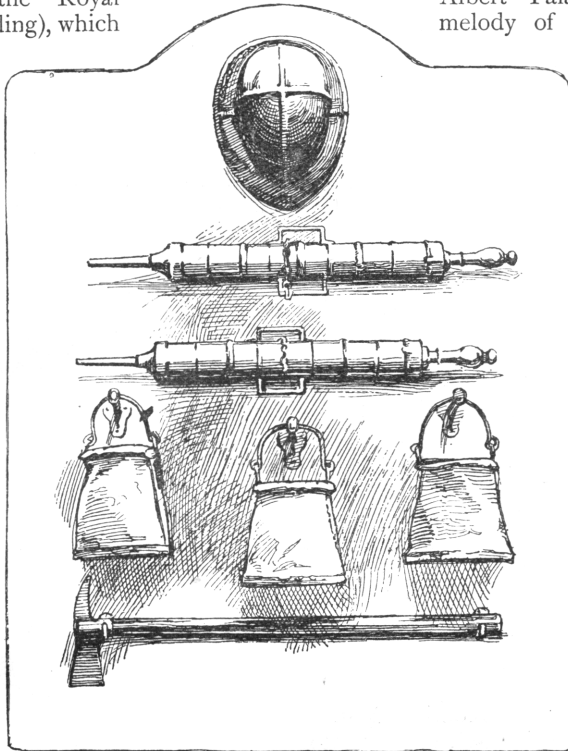
A CITY FIRE 200 YEARS AGO.

powerful, throwing water as high as the old bells attached to the fine old organ at the Grasshopper on the Royal Exchange (old building), which was 165ft. high. After this, Fowke's engine appears to have dropped out altogether, leaving no traces of its existence. In a painting by Hogarth, "The Times," No. 1, of 1762, an engine bearing the inscription of the Union Fire Office, is probably one of this manufacture. In Lombard Street and locality there were seventeen engines kept at the time the Royal Exchange caught fire on the night of 10th Jan., 1838, of which one only was in a condition to be

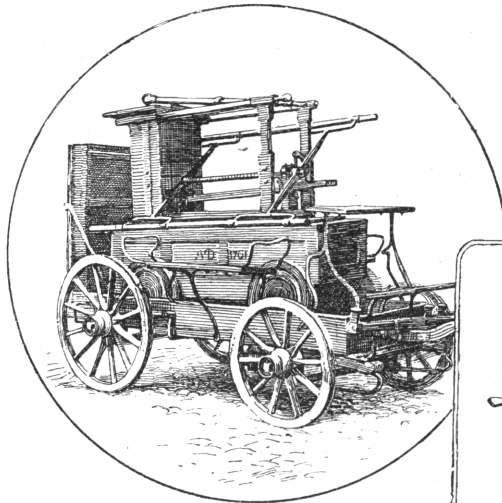
Albert Palace rang out the melody of "There's nae luck about the house"; the echo of which recoils at the present date upon the ill-fated palace, which, although not recently burned, has been condemned piecemeal to the auctioneer's hammer. Our sketches illustrate the old types of engines in use from 1761 to 1852, in the parishes of Christ Church, Newgate, and St. Leonards, Foster Lane, the names of the churchwardens appearing on same to the present day; another, as depicted, was put upon a truck for

quicker conveyance to fires, and is of a similar construction, it being made by the firm of Merryweather and Sons, of Long Acre, and tells a tale in itself of the modern improvements which have been added to the present day.

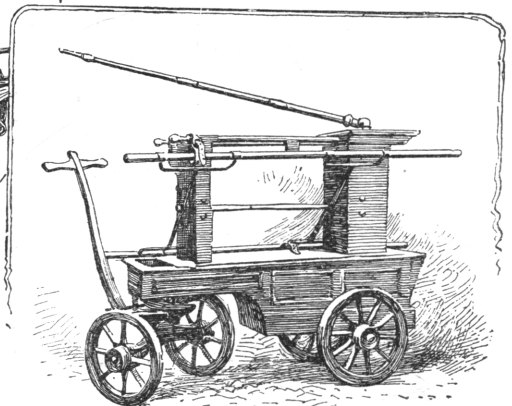
The next fire on record of much consequence after the Great Fire



HAND SQUIRTS AND BUCKETS OF 1667.



brought out, and from all accounts was not got to work. On this memorable night it may be interesting to note a singular coincidence which occurred, viz.: While the Royal Exchange was burning the famous carillon of sixty-one



EARLY FIRE ENGINES.



LONDON FIREMAN IN UNIFORM—A.D. 1696.

of 1666 broke out in the powdering-room of Mr. Eldridge, a peruke maker, in Exchange Alley, Cornhill, on the morning of March 25th, 1748, at one o'clock, and continued burning until 12 p.m. the same day, laying waste an extensive range of houses and streets, eighty in number, and playing great havoc with the adjoining houses. Among those

A "ROYAL EXCHANGE" FIREMAN.
(From a portrait.)

buildings destroyed were several private dwellings of City merchants; shops, and, singular to remark, insurance companies met a like fate, together with their engines, buckets, and appliances for extinction. The wind at the time was blowing strongly in the S.S.W., causing the flames to spread with such rapidity that, in so few hours, it effected a considerable devastation in this, one of the most opulent parts of the City.

So slow was London to improve upon the fire appliances then in vogue, that it was not until 1791 that a fire watch or brigade was established.

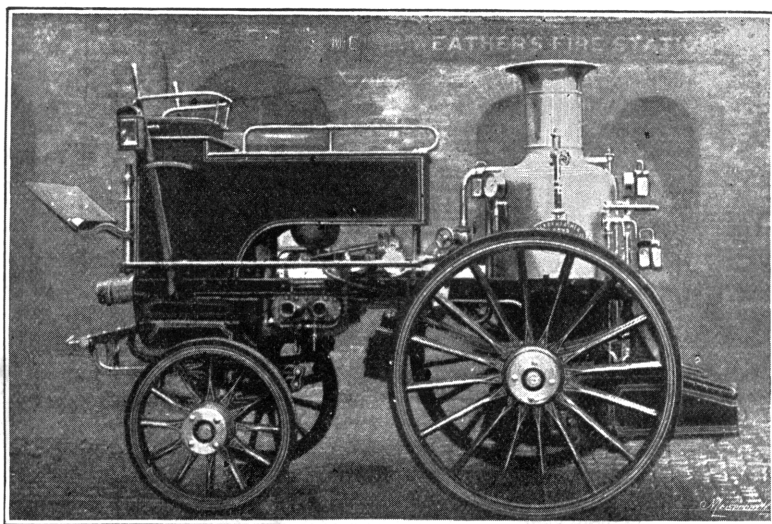


M.F.B. FIREMAN IN UNIFORM—PRESENT DAY.

The parochial system of fire protection at this time being entirely ineffective, the work was for the most part undertaken by insurance offices. Each company had its own engine and men, with the emblems of the offices on the engines and displayed on badges worn on the left arm. The uniforms consisted of double-breasted jackets, knee breeches and long boots, with a "Brummagem" or overcoat worn over the jacket.

It is interesting here to note that the Sun, Phoenix, and Royal Exchange Offices dress their messengers in the same colours now as their firemen wore in those days.

In 1830 the insurance companies resolved to reorganize their forces by doing away with their separate establishments, and com-



MODERN FIRE ENGINE, GREENWICH PATTERN, BY MERRYWEATHER AND SONS.

binning the whole in one brigade. They invited James Braidwood, then Firemaster of Edinburgh, to take the head as Director of the London Fire Brigade Establishment, which was inaugurated on January 1st, 1833, being supported by ten of the offices, who contributed to the expenses of maintenance in accordance with the business they did. During the thirty-three years of its existence it dealt with 29,069 fires, excluding false alarms and chimney fires. They adopted steam fire engines only towards the close of their career, although these were first introduced to their notice by Braithwaite in the year 1835.

In another sketch will be seen an engine in use in 1862, which is of Italian design but English manufacture. It bears, in a conspicuous position, the inscription, "Publica Utilita," also a brass plate on the side stating that it was presented by the inhabitants of Lambeth to Frederick Hodges at the Distillery, Lambeth; the

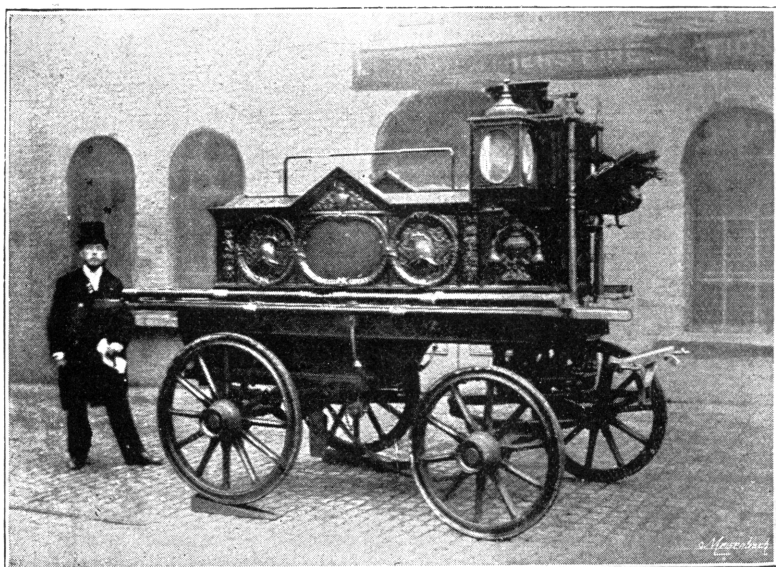
Vol. vi. - 63.

cost of the decorations on same being £600, the engine itself costing £300. This engine, to the present day, is in thorough order, and has done many a public service in its time, well earning the inscription bestowed upon it.

The engines chiefly used were manuals with 7in. pumps, with levers not made to fold over, wooden fore

carriages, and somewhat longer cisterns and hose boxes than those of the present date, being much lower in build and more heavy in running.

Some explanation of the curious old badges of insurance companies, which remain upon the buildings in certain parts of Old London to the present day, together with the illustrations here reproduced, will serve to satisfy the curiosity of many persons who at some time or other have asked the question: "What are those things stuck on the houses for?" Well, all the early fire insurance



ENGINE PRESENTED TO MR. HODGES, 1862.

offices had their special "Office Mark," which consisted of a plate of lead or other metal bearing either the name of the office or its trade-mark to place on insured houses. These "Fire Office Marks" have quite a history of their own, as will be gathered from the accompanying illustrations.

Cowper, in his poem "Friendship," written at Olney, in Oxfordshire, probably in 1782, writes the following lines:—

A friendship that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
The sparks of disputation,
Like Hand-in-Hand insurance plates
Most unavoidably creates
The thoughts of conflagration.



They were also intended to decide, in case of fire, which company's engine should attend to put it out—certainly a strange proceeding, deserving of being added to the History of Fire Appliances.



Some of the oldest offices, viz., the Sun, Hand-in-Hand, and Royal Exchange, actually issued moulded leaden marks bearing the number of the policy with which they were issued at the time. These relics of the past are treasured by insurance companies, either in glass cases under lock and key, or mounted on polished oak tablets in the sanctum of their chiefs. It was originally

made a condition by the offices that no house should be considered properly and perfectly insured until the metal mark was actually affixed upon it, this condition being founded on

an impression that in times of great political excitement, the official indication that a house was insured might protect it against incendiarism; it being manifest in such cases that the loss by fire would not fall upon the owner of the building, on whom the mob might probably desire to wreak vengeance. Thus fire insurance gave a moral as well as a pecuniary protection.

Houses may occasionally be seen in the older parts of London bearing several of these fire insurance marks; this circumstance being noted by the facetious author of the "New Tory Guide," published during 1710 or thereabouts:—

For not e'en the Regent himself has endured
(Though I've seen him with badges and orders
all shine
Till he looked like a house that was over-insured)
A much heavier burden of glories than mine.



The oldest surviving office is that of the Hand-in-Hand, which, however, was not the first title of the society, as in early times it was designated "The Amicable Contributors for Insuring from Loss by Fire," and was after this known as

"The Amicable Contributionship," and finally by its present title. The society was founded in London in 1696, and the original "proposals" of the association were dated at "Tom's Coffee House," in St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, where attendance was daily given. The founders numbered about 100 persons, and it is generally believed that Daniel Defoe (author of the famous work "Robinson Crusoe") took





part in the establishment of this society, although there is no authentic evidence of the fact. In 1809 Old Drury Lane Theatre was burned for the third time, and on the occasion of its being re-opened (in 1812), James and Horace Smith published their inimitable "Rejected Addresses, or the New Theatrum Pœtarum," in which are commemorated some of the scenes of the fire :—

The engines thundered through the street,

Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete ;
And torches glared, and clattering feet

Along the pavement flew.

The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
The Exchange, where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new.

The Royal Exchange Office has a facsimile of the old building for its mark, as it appeared before being burnt down. The Phoenix, with its very appropriate name and prosperity, speaks for itself ; whilst the Union, for its mark, doubles that of the Hand-in-Hand, being so closely

allied at the date of formation. The London has a quaint old mark emblematical of Britannia. The Sun shines forth its gilded rays. The Royal, with its majestic name, is suggestive of wealth ; whilst the Alliance stands as firm as ever upon the rock of its foundation. The Atlas, since its formation, has steadily supported the world upon its shoulders unto the present day. The Lancashire and other offices came into the field of battle at a later date, building up institutions in themselves unsurpassed by other trading communities of this country.

Mr. Braidwood continued his duties with every satisfaction to the brigade, and was at his post when, on Saturday evening, June 22nd, 1861, at ten minutes to five o'clock, intelligence reached him at the head office of the Fire Brigade in Watling Street, City, of a serious outbreak of fire at Tooley Street, to which he gallantly proceeded with all haste, taking with him all the



available force of engines and men to the spot where began his greatest task, and which was fated to have such a serious termination.

This terrific conflagration proved to be the greatest since that of 1666; nothing like it had been experienced during the previous fifty years, the loss having been estimated at about £2,000,000. The scene of this catastrophe was on the waterside portion of Tooley Street nearest London Bridge, a locality which has been singularly unfortunate, several fires having occurred there previously and also up to recent dates.

The outbreak took place in the extensive range of premises known as Cotton's Wharf, and in the bonded warehouses belonging to Messrs. Scovell, having an extensive riverside frontage, covering a space of three acres. They were six stories in height, filled with valuable merchandise of every description, among which were thousands of chests of tea, coffee, and bales of silk stored away in the upper floors, while in the lower floors and basement was an immense stock of Russian tallow, tar, oils, bales of cotton, hops and grain.

The account runs that whilst Mr. Braidwood was engaged in superintending the refreshments being dealt out to his men, a terrific explosion occurred; in an instant it was seen that the whole of the frontage of the second warehouse was about to fall outward in the Avenue, when Henderson, the foreman of the brigade, shouted for the men to run. They immediately dropped their branches and fled; two men with Henderson escaped from the front gateway, the others ran in an opposite direction and jumped into the river. Their chief made an effort to follow, but was struck down by the upper part of a wall, and buried beneath some tons of *débris*. His men at once attempted to rescue him from the burning ruins, but on account of the continuous falling of the walls, they were reluctantly obliged to discontinue doing so until a later stage of the fire.

The balustrades and coping of London Bridge were

fringed with thousands of spectators, some of whom it was reported, in the struggle to get a place, fell into the river and were drowned.

Mention is made by eye-witnesses of the general stampede of rats that deserted the burning piles, as if from a sinking ship, and of their making haste to the opposite shore, climbing and clinging to pieces of burnt wood which had fallen into the river and were floating with the tide.

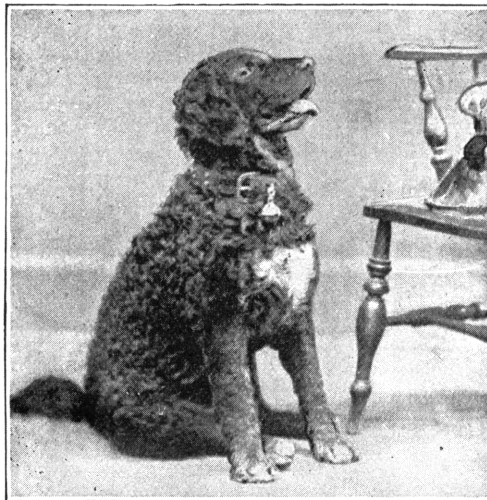
From the bridge was to be seen a spectacle rarely to be witnessed: the river appeared turned to blood, the neighbouring houses and churches lit up as if at a great pyrotechnic display. Many persons paid exorbitant tolls to pass up the staircase of the Monument, to view from the eminence of this architectural structure (in itself erected to commemorate the Fire of London) this never-to-be-forgotten scene.

Barrels of tar and tallow floated alight upon the water, drifting merrily, like small islands of flame. At one time about 20,000 casks of Russian tallow were computed to be alight; but after burning four days and nights, the fire burnt itself out, and the City was not revisited by a conflagration of great consequence until suramoned to Wood Street.

Before describing this event we will, however, say a few words regarding "Bob." "Bob," otherwise known as the fireman's dog, was a retriever, and distinguished himself in many ways worth mentioning, making his home at the old Southwark Fire Station. He was ever in attendance, ready to turn out and follow the engine to a fire directly the bell was rung, when, on arrival at the scene of conflagration, he was always ready

to obey orders, and would run up the ladders, jump through the windows, entering dangerous buildings more quickly than any fireman.

Once at a fire in Duke Street, in the vicinity of the station, where the flames were rapidly spreading, threatening the whole structure, "Bob" darted into the burning house, where, after making his round to try and save the lives of any persons who might be left behind, he suc-



"BOB."

ceeded only so far in this case as to rescue the domestic cat, which he brought out in his mouth, carrying it gently to a place of safety. On another occasion, still in the memory of London firemen, at a call to a house alight in the Westminster Bridge Road, the Brigade thought all lives had been saved and everybody had been got out. When "Bob" with his ordinary sagacity, after making his round or survey, as usual, decided otherwise by keeping scratching and barking at a small door, he was promptly ordered to hold his noise and retire. Although usually very obedient, he barked still louder than ever, and, becoming furious, seemed to say: "Be quick and open the door." The firemen were afraid to open the door in case the draught caused thereby would further prevent their efforts to extinguish the flames. But as "Bob" was so boisterous, one of the men present said, "There's some reason why 'Bob' makes this ado; let's open the door."

The door was burst open, when the astonished firemen found a poor little child crouching down in the corner, panic-stricken, who, but for "Bob," would have soon been suffocated and burned to death. No doubt it was the child's cry he heard amidst the crackling of the flames, and in his determination to assist, added another to the score of lives he was destined to save.

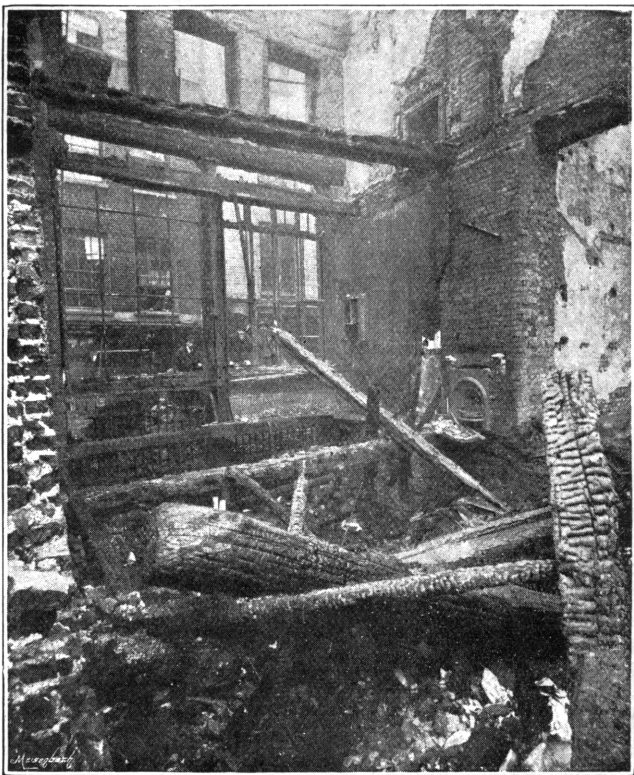
Among the tricks taught him were the following: When asked to pump the engine, "Bob," a good-natured dog, would sit on his hind legs, at the same time working his fore legs up and down with as much regularity as the firemen themselves when working a manual engine. But notwithstanding this faithful creature's rescue of many lives, alas! poor "Bob" had his day. But it was a glorious day for him, and happened like this: Whilst the engine was proceeding to a fire in the Caledonian Road, "Bob," eager for action, ran in front of the horses, was knocked down, and the wheels passed over his body—thus destroying his life when at his post of duty.

He was succeeded by "Bill," who equally honoured the canine race, and was owned by Samuel Wood, one of the oldest and bravest of London fire-escape

men, who saved nearly one hundred lives, and who had as his faithful companion "Bill," around whose neck the parishioners of Whitechapel placed a silver collar in token of his valuable services. During the nine years he had filled the important position of fire-escape dog, "Bill," like his master, had to be very wakeful, and was at his service during the whole of the night, while he slept at the foot of his bed during the daytime; he never attempted to run out of doors until the hour approached for duty at the station, never allowing his master to sleep too long. He was always sure to wake him if a little late, but how the dog knew the time caused many a lengthy yarn.

The brigade returning only the night previous from the burning of the Alhambra Theatre, and having had hardly time to change their clothing, were summoned to a more serious outbreak in Wood Street, City, on December 8th, 1882, which proved a great commercial calamity, involving as it did so many different firms and London agents of provincial and foreign houses, many of whom had their season's stock ready for sending out.

Amidst the labyrinth of streets between



THE WOOD STREET FIRE.

the General Post Office and Guildhall was a scene of the utmost commotion. The illustration here reproduced serves as a good insight into the dimensions of the fire, the damage of which was estimated at upwards of £1,000,000. When the first steamer arrived flames were bursting forth from nearly all the windows in the premises of Messrs. Foster, Porter, and Co., they being alight from beginning to end. The roof, however, soon took fire, and the flames curling over it, ignited the extensive premises of Messrs. Rylands and Co., and of Messrs.

which lies hard by, had a thick and substantially-built party wall and a fire-protective roof, which probably allowed it to remain practically undamaged.

Zion College, with its valuable library, escaped also with a slight warming, which was alone capable of well airing the rooms at this time of year.

Besides the photographs reproduced here, some idea of the extent of the area covered by the fire may be estimated, seeing that no less than a surface of 2,071,000 superficial square feet was laid a barren waste ; as if the



THE WOOD STREET FIRE (MESSRS. RYLANDS' PREMISES).

Silber and Fleming. At this moment the alarming nature of the fire was telegraphed to all the outlying districts, asking for additional help. But, however, as was shown, the extremely dangerous position of affairs had not been fully appreciated, and by four o'clock the whole pile of buildings running from Addle Street to London Wall, a frontage of about 150ft., was furious^{ly} blazing, notwithstanding there being 150 men and 26 steamers at work endeavouring to quell the flames, which were spreading to the centre block of buildings, devouring as they went warehouse after warehouse. Huge blocks of red-hot masonry were continuously falling in the narrow streets, filling them up several feet in depth. Luckily the Curriers' Hall,

relics of part of an ancient city confronted the spectator, instead of what were, before the fire commenced, streets of comparatively modern buildings.

The next outbreak of considerable magnitude to take place was the well remembered Paternoster Row fire, which broke out on April 2nd, 1884. It was about 7.30 p.m. that the premises of Messrs. Pardon and Son were discovered to be on fire in the basement ; the flames soon gained the upper floors by shooting up the lift, setting alight the various upper rooms, and, gaining upon the roof, shot up a lurid glare, lighting up St. Paul's Cathedral close by, a sight which at once attracted people from all parts, intent upon seeing a fire such as perhaps had not



THE PATERNOSTER ROW FIRE.

been their luck to witness before. Christ's Hospital, also, a handsome stone building, showed up prominently in the distance for many miles, marking the spot of what was unmistakably a great London fire.

The workpeople engaged on the premises at the time made a hurried escape, and happily no casualties occurred. Great difficulty was experienced by the brigade in getting access to the fire on account of the narrowness of the streets and the contiguous lanes running in all directions from the seat of the fire. A good bird's-eye view is given of the fire in the photograph which was taken from the gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral overlooking the burnt-out houses beneath, and in which is plainly seen Christ Church, Newgate, among the many buildings around.

About four hundred police, under Superintendent Foster, were told off to keep the crowds of people in abeyance, and from hindering the firemen in their unceasing efforts to cope with the fire.

Captain Shaw, as usual at large outbreaks, was in early attendance on the scene, and, with his command over the brigade, rendered very efficient service; favoured by a low wind, he was soon able to grapple with this outbreak, and succeeded in reducing the enormous risk which was at one time imminent.

With these two exceptions, what is commonly known as the Charterhouse fire was the largest conflagration in London since the formation of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. It burnt furiously for six hours. The fire was discovered at about four o'clock on Thursday morning, October 8th, 1885, on the premises of an embroidery manufactory at No. 18, in a very large block of warehouses known as Charterhouse Buildings, lying at the north-west corner of the City. The flames rapidly ran from one warehouse to another, until at length the whole block presented a huge fiery furnace burning in all directions. Buildings of five and six stories fell in one after the other.

A few minutes after this memorable outbreak had occurred, a message was rung up at the headquarters saying that two large warehouses were alight in Charterhouse Buildings, and upon a fireman being sent up the lofty tower at Winchester House and reporting that a fire was showing a strong light in this district, a steamer was at once dispatched, which was followed up by the chief officer. At the time of his arrival it was observed that a large chemical works adjoining was fully ablaze, adding more fuel and flame to the magnificent sight viewed by those around, occurring as it did at an early hour in the morning. By five o'clock no fewer than



THE CHARTERHOUSE FIRE.

fourteen of these warehouses were well alight in the Charterhouse block, when serious apprehension was entertained for the safety of the buildings on the other side of the road; and notwithstanding there being thirty engines at work throwing copious volumes of water upon the burning masses, the people occupying the houses on the opposite side were aroused from their beds by the firemen, and told to leave at once and seek a safer place for refuge until the fire had been subdued.

The scenes which now ensued were pitiable in the extreme. On every side were to be seen partially dressed men and women carrying scantily and hurriedly clad children and babies in arms, or some of

their household goods, out of danger, for which trouble they were well rewarded, for no sooner had some left their houses when, through the extensive heat from the other side of the road, the buildings were observed to take fire, placing at the moment Charterhouse Schools and St. Mary's Vicarage in great danger.

Around the fire were gathered one mass of brass-helmeted men. Occasionally a wall here and there would fall, causing the firemen to run for their lives.

Captain Shaw himself had, at one stage of the fire, a very narrow escape of meeting a similar fate to that which befell his predecessor, for a large block of masonry fell upon the spot where he had been



THE MILTON STREET FIRE.

standing only two seconds before. The photograph illustrating this site as it appeared after burning for six hours shows the towering walls left standing, which at length were pulled down, leaving a vast smouldering mass of ruins, in dimensions 25-ft. by 150ft., with much damage all around to the adjoining buildings and those on the opposite side. All throughout the day firemen were employed in pouring water from the street hydrants upon the heated *débris* and pulling down the tottering walls.

Milton Street, hidden behind Cheapside, and almost adjacent to Wood Street, was the scene of another big City fire. At four o'clock on the morning of May 6th, 1889, before London or the City was astir, it raged with great fierceness, for several hours feeding itself on the City Soap Works; originating in a block of buildings bounded by Milton Street, Moor Lane, Butler Street, and Sydney Avenue, comprising five stories and covering a large area. In Moor Lane, the fire attacked four large buildings, used as printing offices. Not until the morning had far advanced were the firemen able to extinguish this outbreak, and after the steamers had left, the hydrants were turned on to the heated *débris*.

The pulling down of dangerous walls was proceeded with until late in the afternoon, amidst many spectators, brought to the scene by the accounts published, and who were watching the walls sway to and fro as the men pulled them with ropes slung round the tops, with a "Heave-ho! heave-ho," and the rope, passing round the brickwork, was seen to cut itself in twain, letting the would-be pullers down, scrambling upon each other. Not, however, daunted by this mishap, again a chain was cast round the brickwork and affixed to a rope, which this time was more successful, and a gigantic pile of bricks was seen to totter as if not being able to make up its mind to fall or stay where it had remained so many years, when all at once they gracefully swayed and fell with a tremendous crash, for which part, however, few of the crowd waited,

they making for the nearest places of safety. Delineated in this photograph can be seen the masses of brickwork all of a heap as they fell, also a copper vat here and there for boiling the soap, and many other interesting objects.

From the previous great London fires, the Queen Victoria Street one differs in many respects. The following notes made at the time of the outbreak should be of interest, especially as of late the London Docks have been trying to beat the records of modernized City fires by taxing every effort of the brigade and causing them to concentrate their entire forces upon them, thereby attracting much public notice, causing many to look up their policies, in case it may be (to quote the barber's words) "Your turn next, sir!" This outbreak occurred mid-day on Tuesday, 30th of December, 1890, whilst the hands were working in the large printing factory of Messrs. Davidson and Sons, 119, Queen Victoria Street, they having to make a very hurried escape from the large warehouses, which were, as if in an instant, ablaze. The fire soon burned through the rear into Upper Thames Street to Nos. 226 and 227, doing



THE QUEEN VICTORIA STREET FIRE.

very extensive damage here and ending in a total destruction of several large warehouses, as well as considerable damage to St. Benet's Church, adjoining. There was a strong north-easterly wind blowing at the time, which aided the conflagration in spreading from No. 119, where it originated, to No. 141, requiring twenty-three engines in attendance to subdue the flames, also three floats from the Thames to play on it from the rear.

It is probable that, had the party walls been sound, it would have been confined somewhat in the direction in which it broke out. From a glance at this photograph, taken when the fire had been extinguished, there will be observed many huge icicles hanging from the joists and masonry, suggesting an Arctic-like appearance, rarely seen on these occasions. Many large pieces of ice formed on the burning timber, and fire could be seen burning among ice-bound *débris*. These ruined buildings, architecturally constructed, and comprising a frontage of 70 yards, presented an exceedingly pretty and picturesque appearance, well worthy of being reproduced from an artist's point of view. The weather on this occasion had a remarkable effect upon the firemen; also upon the appliances at work. The water froze as it left the branches, running in globular form around the nozzles, causing much hindrance in getting them to work, and the hose froze to the ground and building with which it came in contact. Firemen became coated in ice from head to foot, and small icicles clung to Captain Shaw's hair and beard, giving him the appearance of a veritable Santa Claus.

The Welsh church of St. Benet's had a narrow escape from being destroyed, as a sudden outburst of flames in the wooden belfry showed it had caught fire, and the roof and tower were badly scorched.

At this moment much excitement was caused by the crowd seeing a fireman brought out on a stretcher half suffocated and frozen, who was subsequently restored by the assistance of many willing

hands. At last the fire was subdued, and cooled down within a few hours of the end of the old year, leaving the buildings presenting a Christmas card-like appearance to those who viewed them.

This remained in their memory as the last great fire only until eclipsed by the recent fire scourge in St. Mary Axe, which broke out at 1 a.m. on Tuesday morning, the 18th of July, 1893. Amidst immense warehouses in close proximity to Houndsditch, and bounded on the east by Bevis Marks, on the north by St. Mary Axe, and south-west by Bury Court, Jeffrey Square, lies this vast chasm of *débris*, which is clearly illustrated by the accompanying photograph. Not only was the destruction not confined to this large quadrangle, but the flames extended to many of the buildings on the opposite sides of the streets and completely burnt them out, devouring contents and buildings alike.

The fire continued raging and spreading in all directions, and by five o'clock was comparatively at its worst, and, baffling somewhat the strenuous efforts of the brigade, with 30 steamers and about 300 men to stay its progress, continued burning and smouldering



THE ST. MARY AXE FIRE.

till the following Thursday evening. Alike on other occasions, many incidents occurred of some interest, such as the rescuing of a lunatic, who, panic-stricken by such a sight, refused to receive assistance from the firemen out of a dangerous position until considerable force was used. As soon as the news became known, thousands of spectators visited the spot with the intention of viewing the *débris*, each in turn eager to view the crumbling walls, cracking and falling in all directions, the greater portion of which fell about two o'clock in the afternoon, bringing the heavy masonry and brickwork down with a thunderous crash, forcing in the fronts of the houses opposite, in Bevis Marks, and falling through the basements.

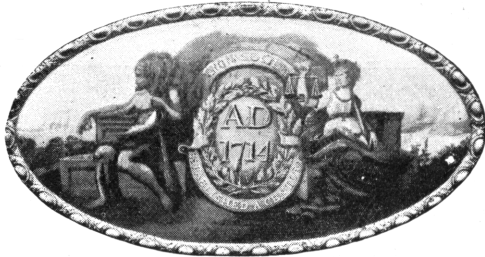
The Fire Brigade, now under the new commandership of Captain Simonds, worked indefatigably for four days—introducing here the new water tower (invented by the chief officer), which rendered much service at the outbreak; and although they were prevented from making their usually early stop to the progress of the flames owing to the buildings being stored with such large

quantities of inflammable stock, they succeeded in saving this quarter of the City which was threatened with destruction.

It is not generally known that when so much combustible material catches fire it is a matter of impossibility to put it out immediately with our present means of fire extinction, or any other means likely to be invented. The fire must take its course, advancing forward, either aided by wind, draughts, or fresh fuel; but whilst in progress it is here that the skilled services of firemen are brought to bear at certain points of vantage, and on the adjoining buildings, whereby the fire is generally confined within a limited area.

The estimated amount of damage was put at £300,000, and fifty warehouses were either burnt out or seriously damaged. Happily there was not a single fatality during the extinction, which marks a feature in the efficient drill and discipline maintained throughout the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

NOTE.—Thanks are due to the Managers and Secretaries of the various Fire Offices, Leonard Miller, Esq. (Merryweather's), Greenwich, etc., for courtesies during the compilation of this article.



OIL PAINTING ON ORIGINAL ENGINE OF UNION FIRE OFFICE, CORNHILL

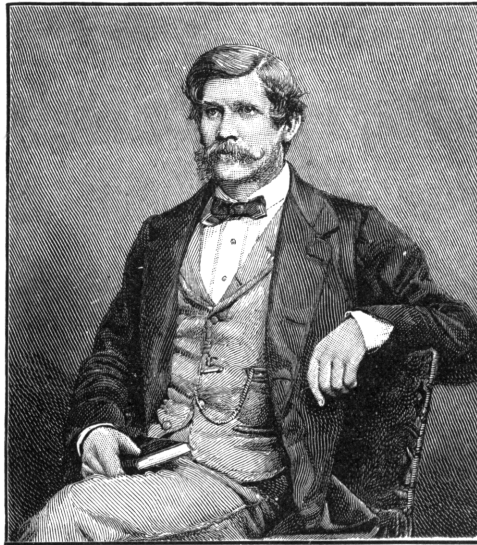
All the Photos. in this article are by the London Stereoscopic Co., except that of "Bob," which is by Parker & Co., High Holborn.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

SIR HENRY
HALFORD, C.B.
BORN 1828.



SIR HENRY
HALFORD'S
biography
is set forth
in detail in
the Interview which
appears in another part
of this number. It is,
therefore, unnecessary
to do more than note
in this place that at



From a]

AGE 31.

[Photograph.

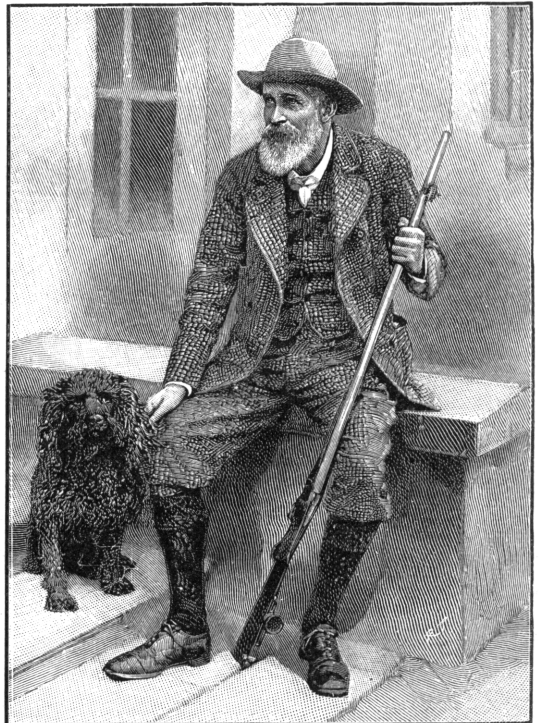
the age at which our first portrait represents him he was just on the point of taking up shooting, but did not actually begin to practise till the following year. At forty-one he went to his first meeting at Wimbledon. The present-day portrait was taken especially for this series a few weeks ago.



From a]

AGE 41.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY,

[Elliott & Fry.



AGE 26.

From a Photo. by Rejlander, Albert Mansions, S.W.



AGE 41.

From a Photo. by Rejlander, Albert Mansions, S.W.

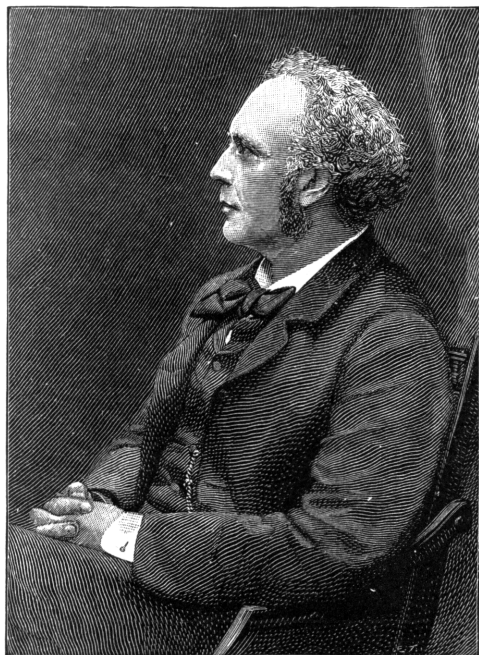
THE REV. AUGUSTUS STOPFORD BROOKE.

BORN 1832.



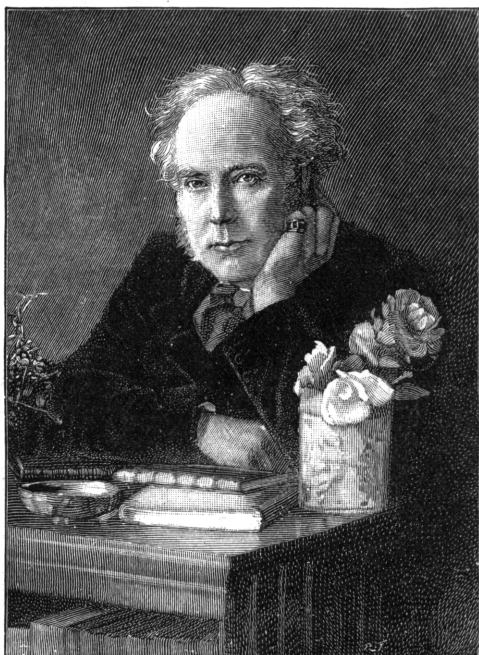
HE REV. AUGUSTUS STOPFORD BROOKE, born in Dublin, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he gained the Downe Prize and the Vice-Chancellor's Prize for English verse. He graduated B.A. in 1856 and M.A. in 1858.

He was curate of St. Matthew, Marylebone, 1857-59; and became minister of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, June, 1876. He was appointed a Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen in 1872. Mr. Brooke is the author of "Life and Letters of the late Frederick W. Robertson," 1865; "Theology in the English Poets," 1874; "Primer of English Literature"; "The Early Life of Jesus"; and a volume of poems, 1888.



AGE 53.

From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Lancaster, 235, High Holborn.



From a

AGE 6.

[Photograph.]

MISS CLARA JECKS.



MISS CLARA JECKS, whose long series of successes on the stage, chiefly at the Adelphi Theatre, is familiar to every playgoer, is the daughter of another well-known

actress, the late Mrs. Jecks (Miss Harriet Coventry), from whom she inherits her talent and who brought her up to the stage from



From a Photo. by]

AGE 16.

[Elliott & Fry.



AGE 10.

From a Photo. by T. Coleman, Brunswick Place, N.

her earliest years. Miss Jecks' gifts are musical as well as histrionic, and her versatility is amazing; and in any play where a dance or a musical piece is required she is always equal to the occasion.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Martin & Saltmow.

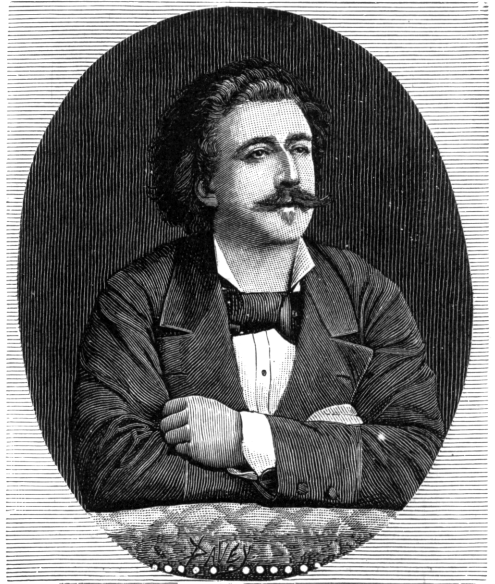


AGE 15.
From a Photo. by the Photographie Parisienne.

JOSEPH HOLLMAN.

BORN 1852.

HERR JOSEPH HOLLMAN, the most celebrated violoncello player of the day, was born at Maestricht. At eighteen he obtained the first prize for the violoncello at the Brussels Conservatoire. He then began to



AGE 26.
From a Photo. by A. Caccia, Havre.

taste and delicacy of feeling are such as have never been surpassed. He is also well known as a composer, among his most popular pieces being his fantasia on "Carmen" and his "Romances Without Words."



From a] AGE 20. [Photograph

appear in public, and has performed with magnificent success in almost every civilized country, from whose Sovereigns he has received innumerable decorations and honours.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Stutz, Maestricht.

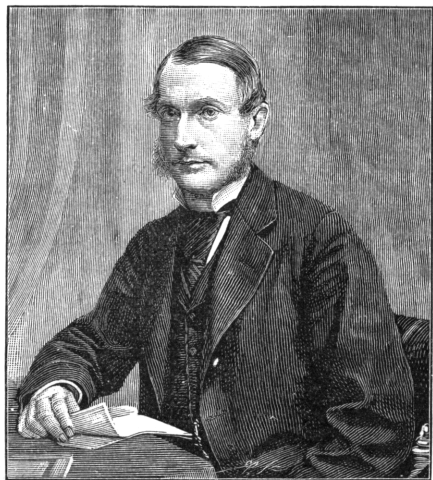


From a Photo. by] AGE 20. [W. Hall, Brighton.

THE HON. SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM.

BORN 1835.

THE HON. SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM, son of George Grantham, of Barcombe Place, Sussex, was born at Lewes, and educated at King's College School. He was called to the Bar in 1863,

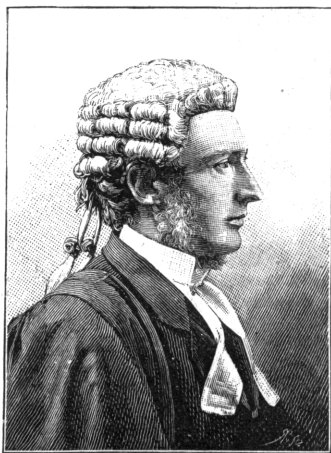


AGE 45.

From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, Margaret Street, W.

after obtaining the studentship given by the four Inns of Court to the most distinguished student of the term; was made Q.C. 1877;

and became a Benchler of the Inner Temple in 1878; J.P. and Deputy-Chairman of Sussex; and Judge of the High Court of Justice, 1886. From 1874 to 1885 he



From a] AGE 35. [Photograph.

sat as M.P. for East Surrey; and from 1885 to January, 1886, for Croydon, when he was made a Judge, and consequently retired from Parliament.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.



XVII.
ZIG-ZAG MUSTELINE.

Now, the mustelidæ are the weasels; and the badger is a weasel, improbable as it may seem, as also is the otter, the stoat, the polecat, the skunk, the glutton, the ratel, and many others. And since so many things are weasels—and to speak of many things at once is beyond my compass herein—those weasels only will I speak of that chiefly take the eye in the outer parts of house number twenty-seven; saying nothing of the glutton (though all weasels are gluttons, each in his way), nor of

the polecat, nor the stoat, nor the skunk, nor the weasel! that went pop.

Every admirer of modesty should love the badger. So little he obtrudes himself that we are often assured that the badger (or the brock, as it is still called locally) is within a specimen or two of ob-



REVELATION.

literation. But it is the brock's modesty that conceals his existence, for well he knows that, in his case, brock's display may not contribute much to brock's benefit; which words are an advertisement.

Badger-drawing is a thing of the past, and rightly. But upon this page the drawing of a



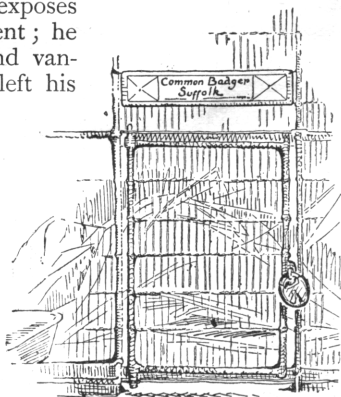
badger may now be seen without danger of interference from the police. He is the white badger, and is never easy to draw. His native objection

to daylight overcomes his sense of duty to the public, and nothing will make him show himself, short of taking away all his straw. Raking away his coverlet only exposes him for a moment; he burrows again and vanishes. He has left his card on the wire,

he argues, and that ought to satisfy any reasonable visitor. Although, labelled as he is, "Common

Badger," he may feel rather ashamed of that card. That is a notion that I can never get rid of. All over the Gardens various animals are insulted by the epithet "common."

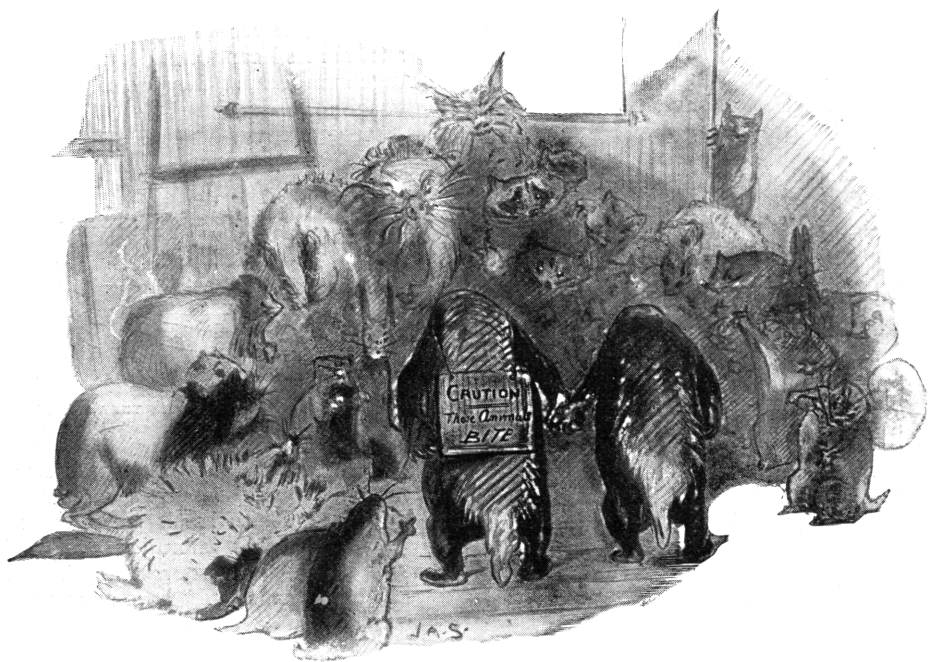
Then there are the "Stump-tail Lizard," the "Dusty Ichneumon," and the "Hairy-nosed Wombat," not to mention the "Bottle-nosed Whale," that isn't here at all. Is man justified in



OCCULTATION.

J.A.S.

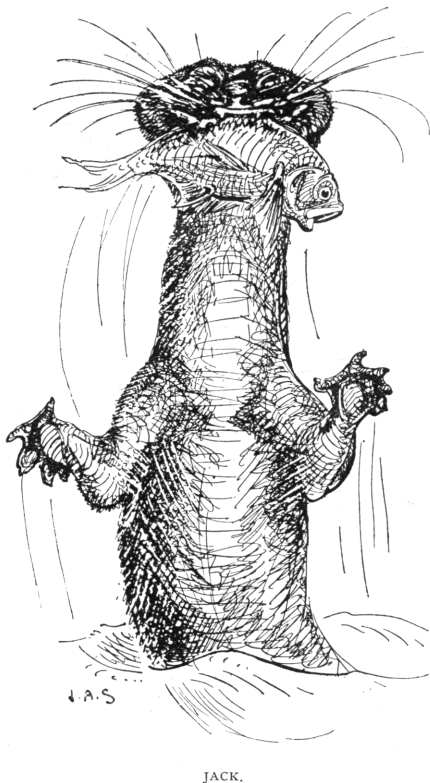
ABSQUATULATION.



DISGRACED AT CREAKLE'S.

so insulting his more virtuous fellow-creatures? Why should we show vulgar discourtesy even to a whale? The ratels, too, although not insulted in name, are grievously oppressed after the manner of David Copperfield at Creakle's. "These animals bite" is the notice for ever fixed upon their cage. It gives rise to sad unpopularity, which the ratels can never mitigate, in the manner of David, with jam tarts and red-currant wine. But more of this presently.

Jack, the otter, in his big round cage, has his own particular affront to endure, none the less an affront because it is in Latin. *Lutra vulgaris* is the scientific name of Jack, but it is just as offensive to call an otter vulgar in Latin as in English. I can quite believe that it was this painted stigma of vulgarity that caused Jack



to run away, some few years ago, and set up in the fish business on the Regent's Canal. It took some few days to persuade him to return, and the task of the persuaders was, I take it, none too easy. An otter is a rare good fighter, and there is trouble involved in bringing him home dead; but alive, he is a whirling tangle of teeth and claws, bad to handle. In any case, Jack is never vulgar. He is an epicure in the matter of fish, and an unerring connoisseur. Observe further, the patrician disdain with which he regards the ignorant people who think to feed him with biscuits. It may be thought a vulgar taste that led him to start life afresh in the Regent's Canal, but where else could he go?

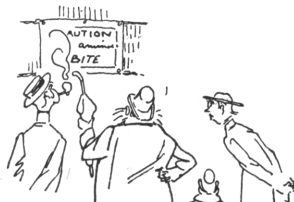
But in all the house numbered twenty-seven there are no such favour-

ites as the ratels. Why these have never been properly, officially, and individually given personal names I cannot understand. I prefer to call them Edwin and Angelina, because they are always turning and turning; although to imagine Edwin a gentle hermit of the dale, or a gentle anything, is not easy. For Edwin bites, and hard, and so does Angelina. But then it is only their fun.

I admire Edwin and Angelina be-



"THEY BITE!"



"LOOK, THEY BITE!"

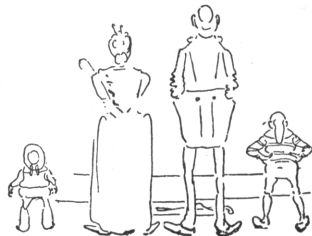


"THESE THINGS BITE!"

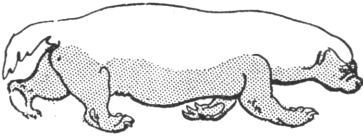
tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, and the others. Each separately reads the label, and then assures all the others that these animals bite. Little Bobby strays from a family party, and reads that fatal label. He rushes back, breathless, to report that "these animals bite," and the whole family come pell-mell. They stand before the label and repeat the mystic formula to one another, and then move off, making way for others, who do the same

cause they keep up their spirits in most annoying circumstances. Those labels (there are two of them) informing everybody in capital letters that "These animals bite," have a most remarkable effect on human visitors. They touch, in some occult way, a hidden and mysterious spring of human impulse. For no human creature (able to read) can see that label without at once repeating aloud, "These animals bite." It is a most

astounding phenomenon. Watch by the wires, and you shall see. A family arrives, and immediately mother points to the label and says, "These animals bite." "Ugh!" says the eldest little girl, also looking at the label, "they bite!" "Look here," says the boy from school, "these fellows bite!" Nurse stoops and informs Toddlers that these animals bite. Toddlers looks up and replies "Dey bite!" with an air of imparting exclusive knowledge; and then the whole family subsides into a murmuring chorus, whereof the only distinct words are "They bite." And so they move off. Then come old men, old women, young men, and young women, boys and girls,



"THEY BITE!"



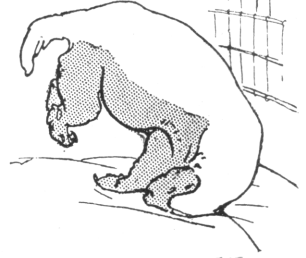
THESE—



—AN—



thing. It is positively maddening. No wonder the rats bite; the Archbishop of Canterbury would bite if you tortured him with that exasperating reiteration. As it is, the phrase must eat into the very being of Edwin and Angelina, and they seem to take their regular trot round to the eternal refrain, "These—an-i-mals—bite—these—
an-i-mals—bite," always and



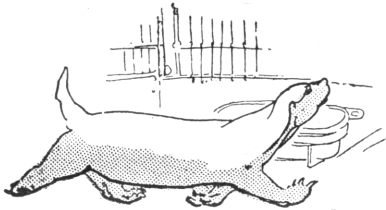
—I—



— BITE.



— MALS —

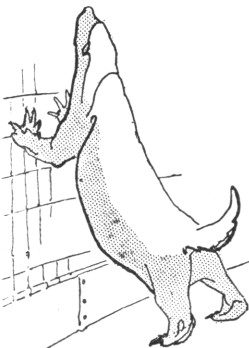


THESE—



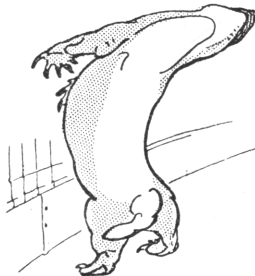
— AN —

for ever; Edwin introducing a small variation by a somersault each time as he reaches the narrow part of the cage, and Angelina by a jump against the wires. These perambulations are executed with a steady thoughtfulness that plainly indicates profound cogitation of some kind. If it is not the rhythmical repetition of the notice on the label, it is probably the conjugation of the verb: "I bite, thou bitest, he bites. We bite, you bite, they bite. I have bitten,

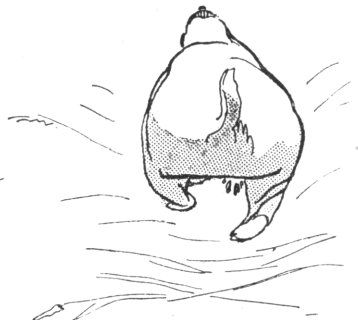


J. A. Seymour

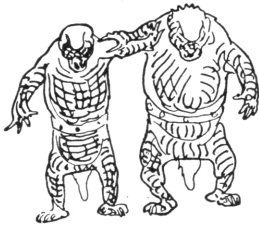
— I —



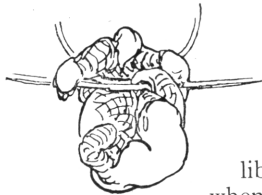
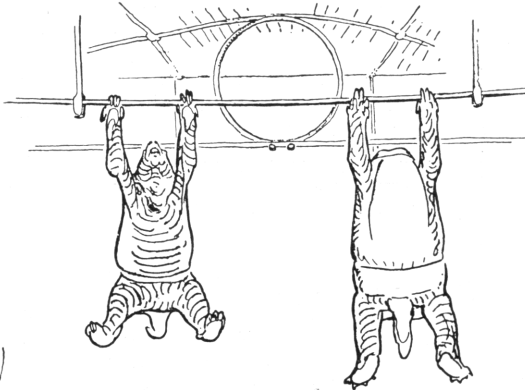
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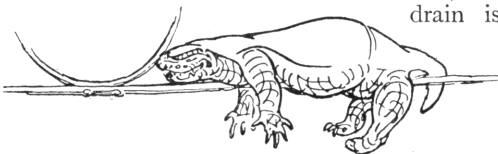
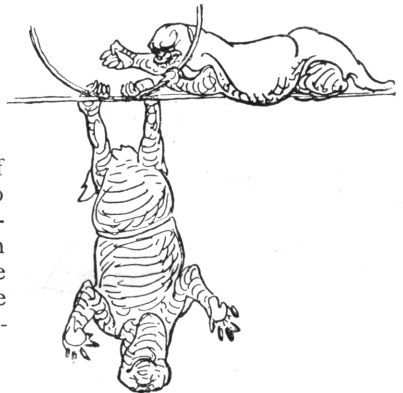
— BITE.



thou hast bitten——” and so on, and so on. Edwin and Angelina are really most deserving and persevering entertainers of the knock-about or Two Macs order, with a strong dash of the Brothers Griffiths. Angelina is best on the horizontal bar, and it is here that she retreats when at feeding time she has a tit-bit to which Edwin may take an independent fancy. The whole cage is well adapted for the performances of the ratels, and, substantially made as it is, anybody is perfectly justified in

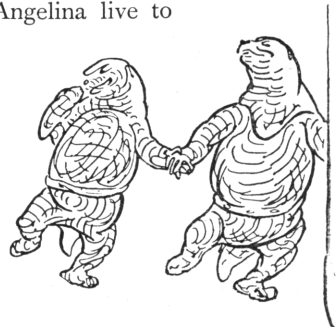


calling it a ratel-trap affair. Edwin and Angelina much prefer their cage to liberty; at closed hours, when the keeper takes them out for a walk, they are inclined to crawl back behind the label that tells of their bites. They have a cement floor, so that they can no longer burrow underneath with a wild notion of coming out in some other part of the world, as they once did; and the drain is care-



fully covered in now, so that games of follow-my-leader therein, once their chief sport, are no longer

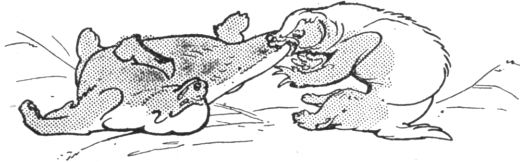
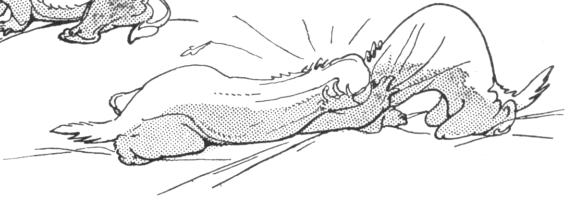
practicable. But chiefly Edwin and Angelina live to revel in the pure delights of mutual assault and battery. Never is Angelina so happy as when she is joyously gnawing her Edwin's head, while his attention is concentrated on a gleeful attempt to drag the hide off her back. It is only from the inside of a skin as tough and elastic as the ratel's that tooth-and-nail combat can be properly enjoyed as a pastime. A ratel is just as fond of being bitten as of biting. It stimulates the healthy action of the





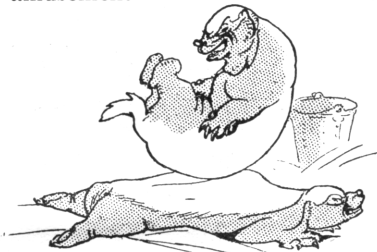
skin, and doesn't hurt in the least. But a good hammering is also enjoyable. If Edwin and Angelina have been particularly good, no more acceptable reward can be offered them than the accidental leaving

inside the cage of a pail. Then the devoted couple may fondle one another vigorously with that pail until it becomes a

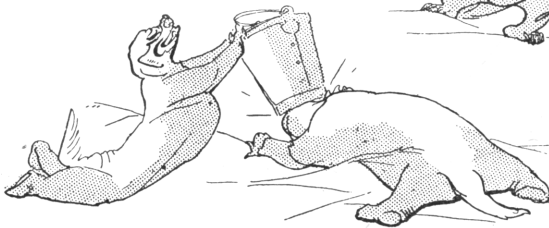


battered wisp of metal, and they feel bright and refreshed all over. Edwin and Angelina between them consume in a week sufficient personal violence to supply Cork political meetings for

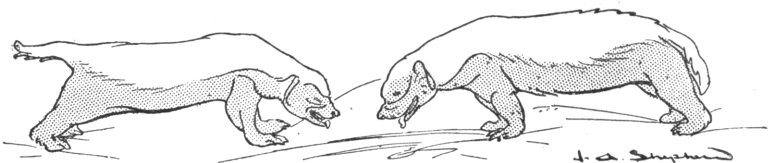
six months. With a little more hardening they might even come whole out of a football match. But even ratels have never ventured as far as football. A little infuriate devastation by way of amusement



is all very well, but the ratel avoids extremes. Still, it is not easy to understand the necessity for that notice

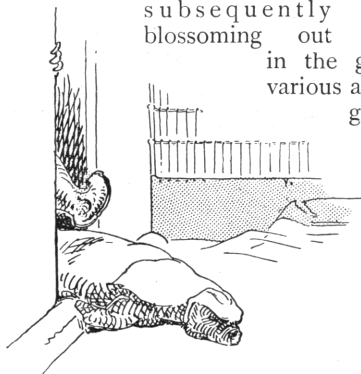
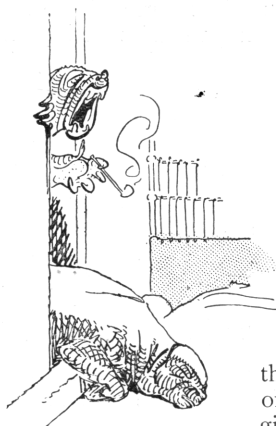
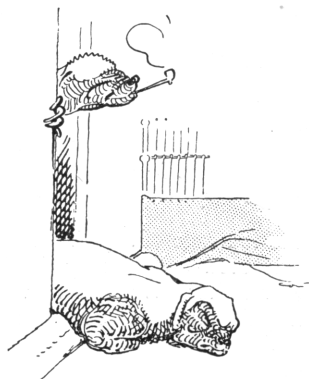
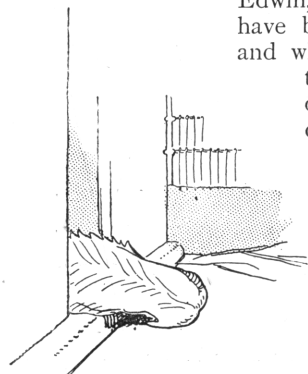


—‘These animals bite.’ Nobody would think of disputing the fact. They *are* biting, all the time, more legibly than you can paint it on a label. If only they ate all they bit, Edwin would have become Angelina by gradual absorption, and Angelina



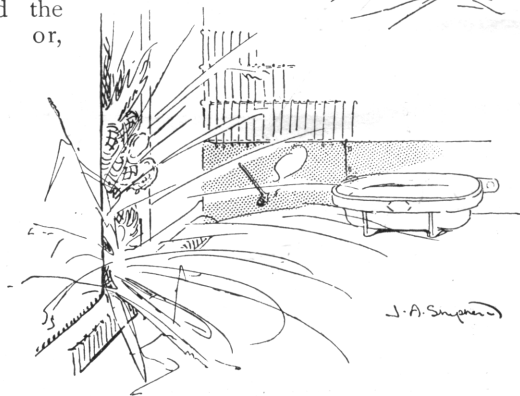
Edwin, long ago ; then they would have become absorbed back again, and which would be which by this time nobody but an analytical chemist could calculate. Indeed, I have a theory that the breed of ratels has been evolved out of certain quarrelsome seals, monkeys, and Malayan bears, who all ate each other up entirely, and then attacked a shopful of ladies' muffs ; subsequently blossoming out

in the guise of a medley of all the various antagonistic elements, to perform gymnastics and Two-Mac riots for the amusement



of visitors to the Zoo ;
enacting also at times
the instructive little sketch
of "Bill Slog-
gins and the
Missis ; or,

the Door on the Jar and
the Family Jar on the Door-
step."



J. A. Shepherd

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Authors of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

V.—A DEATH CERTIFICATE.



FEW things in my busy life gave me more pleasure than the engagement of my friend, Will Raymond. He was a man of a peculiar temperament, and, from time to time, his friends had experienced some slight anxiety about him. He was a hermit, and eschewed society. Women in especial were detestable to him, and although those who knew him well could speak much in his favour, he made few friends and lived a solitary life on his large and beautiful estate in Berkshire.

When Raymond fell in love, however—over head and ears in love is quite the correct phrase on this occasion, and the girl of his choice turned out to be all that the most fastidious could desire—there was rejoicing among his acquaintances, and the wedding-day was hailed with anticipations of pleasure.

Raymond Towers was refurnished for the coming of the bride, and Raymond suddenly blossomed out in a new character—he was friendly to everyone, he laughed at girls' jokes, and was jolly to the many men whom he met; in short, he was a transformed being. All this change was due to the sunny influence of pretty Margaret Travers, or Maggie, as her lover called her.

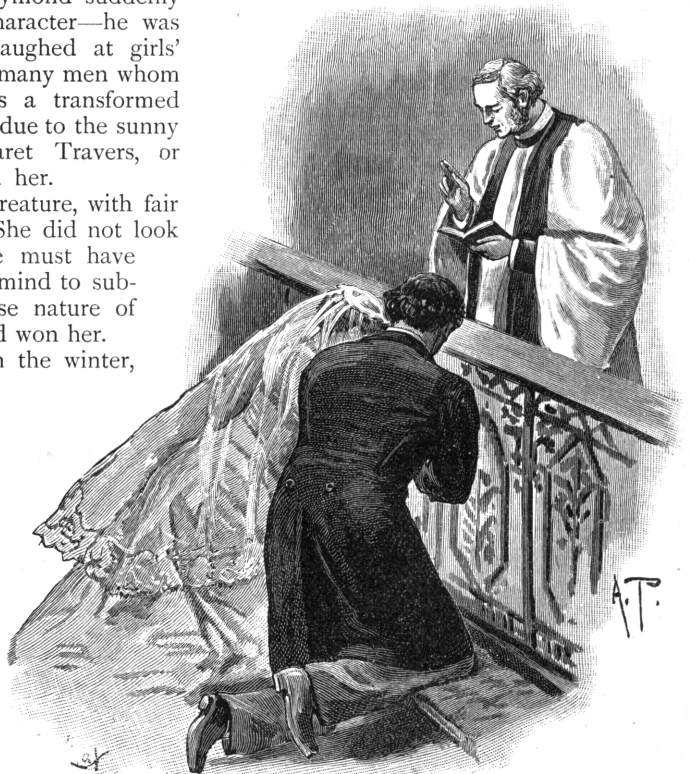
She was a slight little creature, with fair hair and dark grey eyes. She did not look particularly strong, but she must have had some latent strength of mind to subdue the rough and morose nature of the man who had wooed and won her.

The pair were married in the winter, and were attended to the altar by a numerous company of friends.

I happened to be one of them, for Will would not hear of the knot being tied except in my presence. I was too busy to do anything more than attend the pair to the altar. It was then I first noticed a peculiar look in Mrs. Raymond's beautiful eyes. They were large, of a very dark grey, with such thick lashes that at a little distance the eyes themselves

looked black. These eyes, set in the midst of a fair face, with soft, light curling hair, would in themselves attract attention. But it was something about the pupils which arrested my observation at this moment. They were not only rather more dilated than usual, but there was an indescribable expression about them which gave me a sort of uneasiness. I had felt very happy about my friend Will ever since I knew of the engagement. Now a sudden sense of depression swept over me, and I wondered if the shy visitor, Happiness, would long remain his guest.

In a busy doctor's life, however, such thoughts have little room to grow. They were soon banished by the pressure of more immediate interests. I had forgotten Will, his bride, and his new-found happiness, when one afternoon a telegram was handed to me.



"THEY WERE MARRIED."

"The answer is prepaid, sir. The boy is waiting."

I tore the telegram open and read as follows:—

"Please come as quickly as you can to Llanmordaff, North Wales. Maggie not well.—Will Raymond."

"Now, what is up?" I said to myself. "Of course I must go; but it is precious inconvenient. What am I to do?"

Here the memory of several cases of importance darted through my brain. I hastily scribbled a reply to the telegram:—

"Starting by midnight train. Meet me to-morrow morning."

This dispatched, I turned to my servant.

"I am going to North Wales," I said, "and shall start by the train which leaves Paddington Station about midnight. Look up the exact hour in the A,B,C. Pack all I require, and tell Roberts to bring the carriage round immediately."

"Won't you take some dinner, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes, yes; have it served, and be sure you send Roberts round without delay."

My servant withdrew.

I was fond of attending my patients at this hour in a private hansom, and this conveyance was ready for me in a few minutes.

I drove to the house of a brother physician, arranged with him to take my patients for the next day or two if necessary, and brought him back with me to give him names and addresses, and what further particulars he would require. Then I spent the remaining hours until it was time to catch my train, visiting one sick person after another, and assuring them of the complete confidence which I put in Denbigh's skill.

At last the time came when I must start on my long journey, and, with a feeling of natural irritation at the inconvenience of leaving my work, I entered my hansom once more, and desired the man to drive me to Paddington Station.

I caught my train and, establishing myself as comfortably as I could in a first-class carriage, tried to sleep. It has often been my lot to make hurried night journeys, and I can generally while away the long hours in almost unbroken slumber, but on this night I found that sleep would not come. My

brain felt particularly active. I thought over many things—Raymond and his pretty wife in particular. I wondered why my thoughts would linger so pertinaciously around Will and his pretty, delicate-looking wife. I saw her again in her soft bridal dress—I met again the full-satisfied, absolutely contented look on her almost childish face—but what really worried me was the remembrance which came again, and again, and yet again of the expression in her large grey eyes—the strange look which was not caused by anything mental, but was due to some peculiar physical organization.

I had made hysteria, in its many forms, my study, and I had a sort of conviction that Mrs. Raymond's temperament must be closely allied to this strange, mysterious, and overpowering disorder which comes in so many guises and wrecks so many lives.

Towards morning I fell asleep, and about nine o'clock arrived at Llanmordaff, a very out-of-the-way little place, to which a small local train bore me during the last eight miles of my journey.

I expected Will to meet me on the platform, but to my surprise he was not there. He had only given me the address, "Llanmordaff, North Wales," on his telegram. I concluded, therefore, that he must be putting up at the inn, and went there at once to inquire for him.

I was right in this conjecture. Immediately on my arrival I was informed that the Ray-



"I SENT UP MY CARD."

monds were occupying the best rooms in the establishment. I sent up my card, and a moment later found myself in a nondescript sort of apartment—between a dining-room and a drawing-room—and shaking hands with Will.

He was always a haggard-looking fellow, not the least handsome, with rugged features, deep-set eyes, a wide mouth, and a lean, brown face. There was something manly about him, however; his figure was splendid; he was tall without a scrap of superfluous flesh, and very muscular. He came up to me at once and wrung my hand, hard.

"This *is* good of you," he said. "I might have known you would not fail me. Now, sit down and have some breakfast."

He strode across the room as he spoke, and gave a violent jerk to the bell. It sounded with a clanging noise in the distance, and in a moment a waiter, not too clean in his appearance, answered it.

"What will you have, Halifax—tea or coffee?" inquired Raymond.

"Strong coffee," I answered.

"Coffee at once, and anything cold you have in the house," said Raymond to the man.

He withdrew, and we found ourselves alone.

I looked round for Mrs. Raymond.

"How about my patient?" I said. "How is she? I trust your wife is better, my dear fellow."

"No, she is very unwell," replied Raymond. "I do not suppose it is really anything serious, but she is in a very queer, nervous state—it has all been caused by that railway accident."

"What in the world do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Didn't you see the account in the papers? Surely you must have done so. Two days after our wedding we were jogging along in one of these atrocious little local trains, when an express ran into us. Fortunately no one was killed, but Maggie got a shake, and she was knocked about a good bit. She made wonderfully little of it at the time. In fact, I never saw anyone so plucky, but that night she fainted off, and was unconscious for over an hour. Since then she has been very poorly and shaken: and—and—I don't want to conceal the truth from you, Halifax—she is completely changed; she is an absolutely different woman. She is morose, and even suspicious; one moment full of tenderness and devotion to me, in short, quite the old Maggie whom I loved and

married; then, again, she treats me with suspicion. Often for hours she will not allow me to come near her room. Of course, the whole thing is caused by that beastly shock, but still I thought you had better see her."

"Yes, this nervous condition is undoubtedly caused by the shock," I answered, as cheerfully as I could. "Your wife will probably have to rest for some little time, and then she will be quite herself again. Shall I see her now, or would you like to prepare her for my visit?"

"No, I won't prepare her. She hates the most remote idea of seeing a doctor; and although, of course, you are an old friend, I doubt if I prepared her for your visit if she would admit you to her presence. No, you have your breakfast first, and then we'll go together to her room."

The waiter appeared at this moment with the coffee, a cold game pie, and other preparations for breakfast. He placed them on the table, looked round to see if everything was all right, and then withdrew, closing the door noiselessly behind him.

The moment my hasty meal was over Will put his hand through my arm and, walking towards the door, we crossed a wide landing and entered his wife's room. It was a large room, nearly as big as the drawing-room. There was a great, old-fashioned four-post bedstead occupying a considerable part of one wall. It was hung with dark red velvet, and looked unpleasant and funereal, as for some intangible reason these sort of bedsteads always do.

Mrs. Raymond was sitting up in bed. Her abundant tresses of soft, light hair were falling all over her shoulders—they curled naturally—and she was occupying herself winding one of the tendrils round and round her fingers, and stroking it with the other hand, when we entered the room. She looked up at her husband, and then I saw how greatly changed she was. All the pretty colour which had added to her beauty on her wedding-day had given place to a grey sort of pallor—her childish mouth was drawn, her lips looked thin and parched. Her eyes were intensely bright, lovely still in shape and colour, but unnatural and strained in expression.

Will smiled at her and spoke in a confident, hearty voice.

"Well, my darling," he said, "I have brought an old friend to see you—you will give Halifax a welcome, won't you, Maggie?"

She did not smile when her husband spoke; on the contrary, after giving him a



"HER EYES WERE INTENSELY BRIGHT."

quick, flashing glance, she once more resumed her occupation of stroking her soft hair. Her attitude, her manner, her occupation belonged to childhood—I did not like the aspect of things at all.

Will cast a glance at me. I read despair in his eyes. He evidently thought his wife even worse than she was, but I had often seen the effect of shock on peculiar nervous temperaments, and although I was anything but pleased at the aspect of affairs, still I thought it likely that Mrs. Raymond would recover perfectly, if she were carefully attended to.

I went up to the bed, therefore, and spoke to her, just as if it were the most natural thing in the world that I should drop in to breakfast at the little inn in Llanmordaff.

I asked her several questions, none of them of a medical character, and presently she roused herself, looked at me attentively, and ceased to play with her hair. With both hands she pushed it back impatiently from her face, and let it fall in long, lovely waves of light over her shoulders. Forcing herself to give me an attentive glance, she spoke:—

"Why have you come?"

Before I could reply Will came up to her, and passed his big hand caressingly over her brow.

"Halifax has come to see you, Maggie, because you are not quite well."

"Yes, I am perfectly well," she retorted. "I wish you would not touch me, Will; I hate being touched." She pulled herself petulantly away.

"You have got a shock," I said. Will looked at me in despair, but I knew that in order to get to the bottom of her malady it was absolutely necessary to rouse her. "You were in a railway accident and you got a shock."

"I don't remember anything about it," she said. "Oh, no, I have not been in a railway accident—you make a mistake. Will was in one, but I was not there." She laughed lightly. Her laugh was terrible to hear.

Will walked across the room and stood by one of the windows.

"Go away, Will," said his wife. "I want to speak to Dr. Halifax alone."

He obeyed, closing the door gently after him.

When he had gone, the expression of her face altered, it became much more intelligent, but there was something intensely painful about it. The intelligence which now animated the eyes and filled the face was not of the gentle and gracious order which used to characterize pretty Margaret Travers. There was a sort of cunning about it, which allied it to that of the animal.

"Look here," she said, almost in a whisper. "I don't want Will to know it, but I have made a discovery."

"I would not keep things from my husband, Mrs. Raymond, if I were you," I answered. "Never mind your discovery, now. I want to ask you a few questions about your health."

"How strange of you," she replied. "I am perfectly well."

"If you were perfectly well you would not stay in bed."

"I like to stay in bed," she replied. "When I am up I am obliged to be with Will all day; now he goes for long walks, and I can be alone. The discovery which I have made, and which I wish to confide to you is this: I have broken my marriage vow!"

"What do you mean?" I said, starting back in momentary horror.

"Yes," she replied, with a light laugh. "I said in church that I would love, honour, and obey Will. I don't love him; I don't honour him; and I don't mean to obey him."

She laughed again as she said this, gave me a fixed, long gaze, and looking towards the door said, in an eager voice:—

"You have always been a kind friend to me. You were very glad when I was engaged."

"Certainly I was," I replied, with some indignation. "Your husband is about the best fellow in the world."

"Oh, no," she replied. "He is not good at all."

I knew she was in no state to argue with, so I continued:—

"We won't discuss this subject just at present. You are not very well, and I am going to prescribe certain medicines for you. It is sometimes quite possible for people to be ill without being aware of it themselves. That is your case at the present moment. You are ill, and you must remain quiet, and you must take the necessary medicines which I am going to prescribe. If you are very good, and do exactly what I tell you, you will soon find all that now troubles and perplexes you vanish away, and you will be the happy girl who stood in church and promised to obey, to love, and honour the kindest of husbands."

There was something in my voice which seemed to rouse her. She tried to look at me steadily, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I don't want to feel as I do," she said, suddenly. "I should like to get back my old self; only I cannot, in the least, remember what it was like. My present self worries me, and yet I do not know why it should."

"Oh, it is quite accountable," I replied. "You are suffering from a sort of physical shock, which causes you to forget many things. Now keep perfectly quiet; I want to examine your heart."

I did so. I found the action of the heart decidedly weak and irregular. I then looked into my patient's eyes. The pupils were not working properly. Altogether her condition was the reverse of satisfactory. She was very weak, and there was not the least doubt that for the time the brain was affected.

I soothed and cheered her as well as I could, and then returned to her husband.

"Well," he said. "What do you think of her?"

"She is in a queer condition," I replied. "There is no use mincing matters, Will—

just at present your wife is not accountable for her actions."

"You don't mean to tell me that she is out of her mind?" he asked, in a strained voice.

"I feel convinced," I replied, "that the present condition of things is only temporary. Mrs. Raymond will soon recover her mental equilibrium; at least, I fondly hope so. In the meantime we must have a nurse for her."

"We cannot get a nurse in these parts."

"Very well, I will telegraph to town and have one sent down immediately."

"No, I won't let you do that," replied Raymond. "Maggie is very peculiar and fastidious. She won't have *any* nurse. You must choose one in all particulars fitted to her case, and until she arrives, I am more than ready and willing to attend to her myself."

"No," I answered. "You cannot do that. In your wife's present condition your presence only excites her."

Will looked startled for a moment, and I saw gloom gathering on his brow.

"Very well," he said, after a pause. "I must not gainsay the doctor, but in any case I insist on your personally selecting Maggie's nurse."

"As you please," I answered. "I will stay with you until to-night; then if Mrs. Raymond continues to remain much as she is at present, and no fresh symptoms of a grave character appear, I must return to my patients in town; for many of them are in a critical condition. But I will promise to send you down the best and most suitable nurse I can possibly find, by the first train in the morning."

"Thanks," replied Raymond. He looked depressed, as well he might. He began to walk restlessly up and down in front of the fire.

"I wish you could stay yourself," he said, suddenly.

"So do I, my dear fellow; but that is impossible."

"If it is a case of money, I can make it worth your while," he continued.

I interrupted hastily.

"No," I answered, "money does not come into the question at all. I go, because I am absolutely wanted in town, and because I can do Mrs. Raymond no good—no good whatever—by remaining."

Raymond was silent. His rugged face looked old. His brow had heavy lines across it. He pushed his hair, already

slightly grizzled, with an impatient movement, off his forehead.

"You don't know what Maggie is to me," he said, abruptly.

He sank into a chair as he spoke, and bent eagerly forward. His voice was full of nervous tension.

"You have known me for years," he continued. "You have known what I used to be before I met her. I was an inhospitable, selfish, egotistical hermit. I hated women, and I only tolerated men. I had an insane desire to shut myself away from the world. I am rich, but it never occurred to me to have to give an account of my stewardship. My agent looked after my property, and I did not care two pins whether my tenants lived or died, were happy or miserable. Then I met Margaret—Maggie, as I call her. She was different from other girls. Her refined, half shy, and yet bright face stole into my heart before I was aware. I fell in love with her, and immediately the world changed. We had a

I felt my whole moral nature growing and expanding. Oh, pshaw! why should I go on with this? The old cloud is on me again, and my wife—my wife! Halifax, old fellow, will my wife ever be better?"

"Assuredly," I replied, cheerfully. "I see nothing whatever to cause serious alarm. Mrs. Raymond has got a shock which, instead of producing ordinary concussion of the brain, has affected some of the higher centres in a somewhat unexpected manner. She will not, I fear, recover speedily, but that you will have her the old Maggie, in three months' time at the farthest, I feel convinced."

Raymond sighed heavily.

"Well, I must go to her now," he said. "She hates to have me in the room, and yet she must not be left alone."

"Yes, leave her alone," I replied. "I shall stay near her most of the day. I will endeavour to find someone, some nurse, even if not a trained one, to look after her for the night. You only weaken her tired-out nerve

centres by going to her at present. Don't let her see you. I am giving you painful advice, I know, Raymond, but I am sure I am acting for the best."

"What in the world has she taken a dislike to me for?" answered the poor fellow, turning his head aside.

"Oh, that is very often the case. In brain conditions like hers, people are known to turn from their nearest and dearest."

"I have heard of it, in the insane. But, good God! Maggie is not so bad as that?"

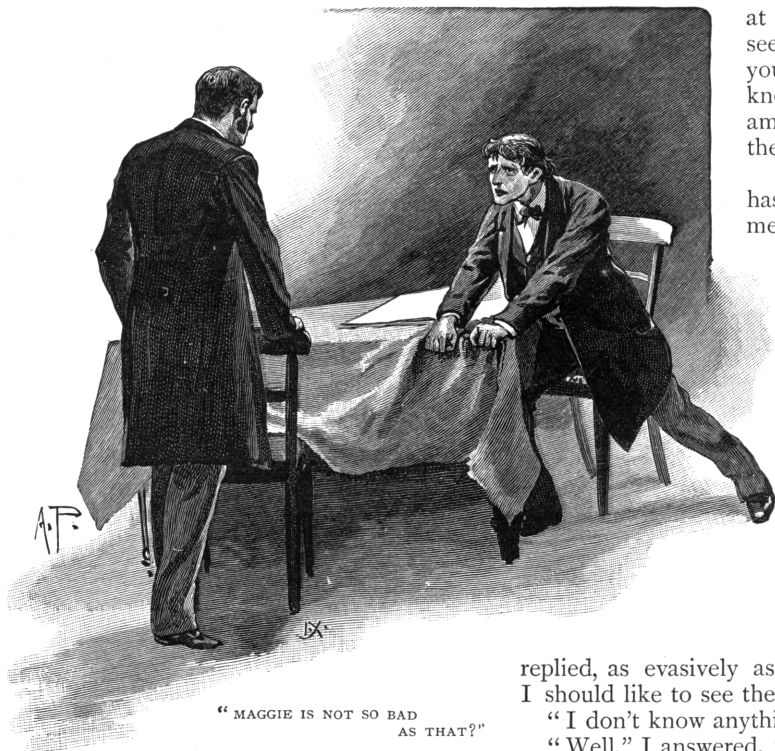
"Her condition is temporary," I

replied, as evasively as I could; "and now I should like to see the local doctor."

"I don't know anything about him."

"Well," I answered, "there is sure to be a medical man in the place. I had better see him and put Mrs. Raymond into his charge. I'll just go downstairs and inquire his name."

"One moment first, Halifax. Can I move her from this beastly hole?"



"MAGGIE IS NOT SO BAD AS THAT?"

short engagement, and now we are married a week. During the days which followed our wedding, up to that fatal Thursday when the railway accident occurred, I tasted Paradise.

"Certainly not," I replied. "You are fixed here for a week or a fortnight at the very least."

"You don't say so? We meant to go home on the Saturday of this week. We intended to finish our honeymoon at home. Unconventional, of course, but just what we wished for. The tenants were getting up no end of demonstrations. I have just received a letter from my steward, Berring."

"You must postpone everything for the present," I replied, and then I ran downstairs to get the address of the doctor. His name was Grey—he was a middle-aged man, and lived in a small side street not far away. I called, found him at home, and gave him full particulars with regard to Mrs. Raymond's case. I was not predisposed in his favour. He seemed narrow-minded and old-fashioned. It was necessary, however, that some medical man should take charge of my patient, and as Grey alone represented the faculty in this little, out-of-the-world town, I was forced to make the best of circumstances. I took him to see Mrs. Raymond; marked out very carefully a certain line of treatment, which he promised to adopt, and finally was able, through his assistance, to secure the services of a fairly capable nurse, who would remain with the patient until I could send down a professional nurse from town.

During the day that followed there was no change whatever in the condition of the young wife. She still sat up in bed, and played with her hair, and seemed feebly and childishly happy. She laughed with pleasure when she saw the nurse, clapped her hands as if she were a child of six, and whispered to her to be sure to keep Raymond out of the room. I shall never forget the expression on my poor friend's face when he witnessed this action; and when the nurse was forced to tell him what the poor girl had said, he turned away with a groan, and clutching my arm with his strong hand, said, half to himself:—

"It's all up, then. That dream of happiness is shattered."

He saw me into the train, and I returned to town much disturbed and more fearful as to the results than I cared to own.

I arrived in London at an early hour the next morning, and going straight to Hanover Square, saw the matron of the excellent establishment for trained nurses which is to be found there. I described the case, and chose a bright-looking young woman who I was sure had tact as well as experience. Making hasty arrangements that she should start at once, I wired what I had done to Will.

My own duties were sufficiently arduous to occupy every moment of my time and every atom of my thoughts during the rest of that day. I returned home, fagged out, at a late hour that evening, and had just desired my servant to bring up supper, of which I stood much in need, when, instead, he handed me a telegram on a salver.

"When did this come?" I asked, looking at it suspiciously, and my thoughts instantly darting away to poor Will Raymond and his unhappy little wife.

"The telegram came half an hour ago, sir," replied the servant.

I tore it open and uttered a groan. I was not prepared for the news which it contained.

"Mrs. Raymond died at three o'clock this afternoon.—Grey."

The pink slip of paper fluttered out of my hand, and I sat in an almost dazed condition for several minutes. I had not time, however, for any long meditation. There came a sharp peal to my front door, and another telegram was brought to me.

This was from Will. It contained the sort of news which I might have expected:—

"For God's sake, come to me, Halifax. Come to-night."

Alas, it was impossible for me to comply. I had a case to attend to which by no possibility could I depute to another. I telegraphed to Will telling him that I could not leave for Wales until the following evening, but that then nothing should hinder my joining him.

I have nothing special to say about the time which intervened. I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had pulled my patient through a severe illness, and, weary but thankful, I stepped into the midnight train which was to take me to Wales.

Once again I arrived there in the morning, but this time Grey was waiting for me on the platform. He came forward to meet me with much eagerness, shook my hand and looked into my face. His manner was disturbed, and his somewhat phlegmatic nature evidently stirred to its depths.

"I am more than glad you have come," he said. "Raymond is in a very queer way. I thought his wife insane before her death; I now think that unless something is immediately done for his relief, his brain will go."

"Nonsense, nonsense," I retorted. "Raymond has as steady a brain as any fellow I know."

But then I stopped abruptly. Certain peculiarities with regard to his past history occurred to me, and I was silent. Raymond



"THE NEWS."

was undoubtedly my friend, but I knew nothing of the psychological history of his house. I made up my mind to treat the doctor's fears lightly, and proceeded in a steady and cheerful voice :—

"You must make full allowance for the terrible shock my poor friend has sustained."

"Yes, yes," said Grey ; "of course, anyone would make allowance for grief and even violent distress, but the man's conduct is more than eccentric. Do you know what he has done ?"

"No," I said. "What ?"

"He is going to take that poor dead young woman home to Berkshire. I am given to understand that there were no end of demonstrations getting ready at his place for the return of the bride and bridegroom. He and Mrs. Raymond seem to have talked over this home-coming a good deal, and he says she shall cross the threshold of his house dead or living. He has given orders that a coffin is to be made for her out of some of the oak at Raymond Towers, and, in the meantime, she has been put into a hastily improvised shell, and the miserable funeral procession is to start from here at five o'clock to-morrow morning."

with his poor wife," said Grey, noticing my perturbed glance ; "he spends almost all his time there. The worst place in the world for him, I should say, in his present state of nervous excitement."

"Well, I must go and find him," I said ; "but before I do so I shall be glad if you will give me any particulars in your power with regard to Mrs. Raymond's last moments. When I left Llanmordaff two nights ago, I had not the slightest fears for the poor girl's life. I was anxious, of course, with regard to her state, but my anxiety pointed altogether to her mental condition. When did a change for the worst take place, and why was I not telegraphed for immediately ?"

"There was no time. We none of us thought her dying until she was dead. I visited her twice the night you left, and found her quiet and inclined to sleep. She seemed to like the woman I had sent in to nurse her *pro tem.*, and asked her to sit by her and hold her hand. The following morning she was very quiet and still sleeping. I visited her at about ten o'clock, took her temperature, which was normal, and felt her pulse. It was slow and fairly regular. I noticed, how-

"So soon ?" I inquired.

"Yes, there has been an awful hurry about everything. All arrangements are now, however, complete. Raymond has engaged a special train, and the line is to be cleared along the entire route ; of course, at enormous expense. He has asked me to accompany him, but now that you have arrived, that will scarcely be necessary."

"Probably not," I answered.

We had by this time entered the house, and Grey took me upstairs to the wretched apology for a drawing-room where I had sat with Raymond a couple of days ago. He was not present ; I looked around for him anxiously.

"He is in the room

ever, a very grey hue over her face, and wondered what her complexion was in health."

"She had a bright complexion," I answered, hastily.

"Well, she looked grey, but there were no other symptoms to indicate any danger, and I thought her desire for sleep a good sign, and begged of the nurse to encourage it as much as possible. I spoke to Raymond hopefully, poor fellow, and promised to call again at noon.

"I was hindered coming until nearly one o'clock. I then saw her again; she was asleep, breathing easily and with a happy smile on her face. About a quarter past three, I was just about to leave my house to see a patient at a little distance, when the woman I had engaged as nurse rushed in frantically and informed me, with a burst of tears, that Mrs. Raymond was dead.

"She died in her sleep," said the woman, 'without never a sigh or a groan. She just stopped breathing, that was all.'

"I went over at once to the hotel to see her, but Raymond had locked the door and would not allow anyone into the room. I even tried to force an entrance, but he did not listen to me or reply to my repeated knocks. I heard him muttering and moaning to himself, and in a couple of hours he came out of the room with a wild expression in his eyes. The moment he saw me he told me I was a 'confounded fool,' and used some more strong expressions which I do not care to repeat. I asked to see the dead woman. With a great oath he swore that not a soul should look at her now again except himself."

"Then you did not see her after death?" I interrupted.

"No—there was no use in worrying the poor fellow."

"And now she is in her coffin?" I continued.

"Yes, fastened up: all ready for her last long journey."

I said nothing further, and in a few moments was in Will's presence.

I must draw a veil over the scene which followed. Will's excitement was all too real. He could not keep still for a moment. His eyes were bright and glassy, his hair unkempt; he had not shaved for a day or two. The moment he saw me he poured out a volley of eager words. Then he burst into the most heartrending groans I had ever listened to. The next moment his manner altered: he laughed and told me with an awful kind of glee of the arrangements he had made for the funeral.

"I have ordered them to light bonfires," he exclaimed. "Just the same as if Maggie were alive. We have often talked of those bonfires, and nothing pleased her more than to hear of the reception we should receive on our home-coming. She shall have her coming-home all the same, Halifax. I myself will help to bear her across the threshold of her house and mine. She shall sleep for at least one night under its roof before she goes to join the other wives of our house in the family vault. That will please her—yes, that will please her, poor darling."

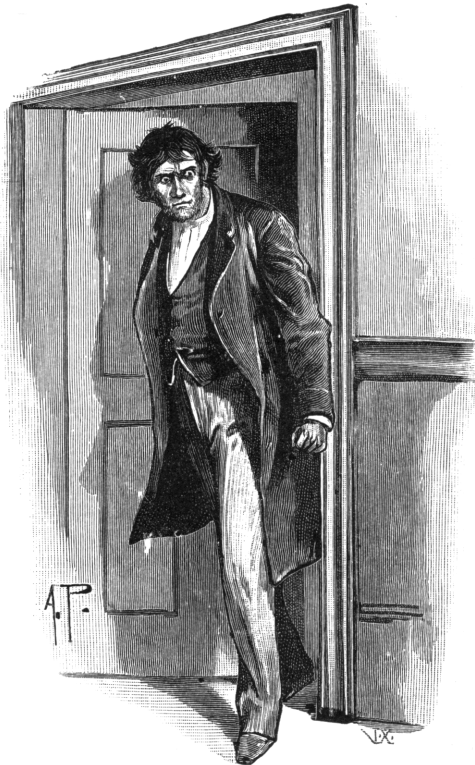
"But she won't know anything about it," I replied.

Will fixed me with his bright eyes.

"How can you tell?" he retorted.

"Do you think her spirit has gone far from mine? No, no; you won't get me to believe that. We are twin spirits, and it is impossible to part us. There was a cloud over the sweet soul during the last few days of her life; but Death has lifted it, she is mine again now."

He paused abruptly here, locked his hands together tightly and gazed into the fire as if he were looking at something. After a pause he said, with another laugh:



"A WILD EXPRESSION IN HIS EYES."

"I have an impression, Halifax, that in the future a spirit will haunt Raymond Towers. Nothing will induce Maggie to stay in her grave when I am living close to her. Do you believe in ghosts?"

I retorted briefly. There was nothing whatever for it but to soothe the poor fellow. If he were not insane at present, he was evidently on the borderland.

When he became a little more reasonable I tried to show him how more than absurd his different arrangements were.

"You think you are showing respect for your poor wife's memory by all this sort of thing," I said. "But you are greatly mistaken—people will pity her and think that grief for her loss has turned your brain."

"It has not done that," he said, with a sort of jerk of his shoulders. "I am all right as far as my brain is concerned, and if you think, Halifax, that I care *that*"—snapping his fingers with a loud click as he spoke—"for what anyone thinks of me, you are finely mistaken. Maggie is dead, but her spirit lives. All the future of my life will be devoted to pleasing that poor wandering ghost, until—until I meet her and clasp her again."

There was an exalted sort of look about his face. I saw it was hopeless to argue with him. There was nothing whatever for it but to humour him and let this ghastly travesty of woe take its course.

Once again that night I saw Grey. He was sitting in the drawing-room of the inn, filling in the death certificate.

The usual details were rapidly entered, but when he came to the clause which obliged him to certify the fact of death having taken place, he had recourse to words provided in the certificate for medical men who had not seen the dead body.

"I regret beyond words," I said, "that you did not see Mrs. Raymond after death. You are unable to state as an eye-witness that you saw her. For my part I should be glad to see the present law altered. I would make it compulsory that no doctor should sign a death certificate without having first seen the dead body."

"That would be well in most cases," answered Grey, "but there are exceptions, and legitimate ones, as in this case. You may remember that I *did* express a wish to see the body, but was prevented by Mr. Raymond's extraordinary behaviour."

"Well, it cannot be helped now," I said. "Poor Mrs. Raymond undoubtedly died from syncope or shock—the said syncope or shock was caused by the railway accident which

occurred a few days ago. Were this known a coroner's inquest would have been necessary. We must be careful to say nothing about it, however, for it would give her husband intense pain, which is for every reason to be avoided."

"Certainly," said Grey.

"By the way," I asked, "did the nurse, who must have arrived from London yesterday morning, see the body?"

"No; Raymond would not allow her near the room. Of course, Mrs. McAllister, the nurse from here, was obliged to perform the last duties to the dead, and the undertaker's men had to measure her for the coffin, or rather shell; but no one else has seen her, Halifax, except her wretched husband. I am told that he put her into the coffin himself and screwed the lid down with his own hands."

I turned away. I had nothing further to add, and soon afterwards retired to my room.

I had scarcely dropped asleep, or so it seemed to me, before I was awakened by strange sounds in the room next to my own. I started and listened attentively. I suddenly remembered that Mrs. Raymond was lying in her coffin in this room.

Pretty, bright Maggie Raymond! I recalled her face as it was when I first saw it. A more innocent and a happier face it would have been difficult to find, but even then I was attracted by something peculiar in her eyes—they were beautiful; but it was not their beauty which arrested my professional interest. Two days ago I saw her for the last time—she sat up in bed and played with her soft hair. Then the mystery which dwelt in her lovely eyes was solved. It was latent insanity which gave her that peculiar expression. This insanity had been rudely awakened into active life by the shock of the railway accident.

Well, now, all was over. A short life had come to an abrupt termination. There was no use worrying about Maggie—she had gone to join the majority. Nothing of life could affect her again. My real anxiety now, my real regret, was for poor Raymond. Through the long hours of the night I heard him walking up and down the room which contained his wife's coffin. Now and then I heard his groans, and once, good God! I listened to his laughter. That laugh sent a thrill of horror through me. Was his case similar to his wife's? Was he, too, fast becoming insane? I turned over in my mind several plans for helping him, and in the midst of my meditations fell asleep again.

At a very early hour we were all stirring,

and at five o'clock on this winter's morning, in the midst of drizzling rain and fog, we steamed slowly out of the little station, carrying all that was mortal of poor Mrs. Raymond back to her husband's home.

I do not think in my whole life I ever experienced anything longer or more utterly dreary than this journey. We had a saloon carriage to ourselves, in one corner of which the coffin was placed.

I was glad to find that the excitement which had rendered Raymond's conduct so strange the night before was now greatly subdued. He was very quiet, scarcely speaking a word, but now and then laying his big hand with a caressing movement on the lid of the coffin, and now and then looking out of the window and smiling.

I did not like the smile, nor the sort of satisfied expression on his face. Had he been plunged in the deepest woe, I could have understood him. He looked almost happy, however. I saw plainly that he was as much in a world apart from mine as was the dead woman who lay in her coffin.

I wondered how all this was going to end, and my fears with regard to Raymond's mental condition were considerable.

The longest journeys come at last to an end, however, and in the darkness of evening we arrived at a little wayside station three miles distant from Raymond Towers.

Here the station-master and several gentlemen from the neighbourhood met us. They were all dressed in mourning, and I saw that this fact roused poor Raymond's indignation at once.

"I don't want this to be a mournful procession," he said, in a testy tone, to a neighbour who came and with deep feeling shook the poor fellow by the hand. "I am not conventional, and I don't wish anything conventional to be done. Where is my steward? Where is Berring?"

"Here, sir," answered the man, taking off his hat.

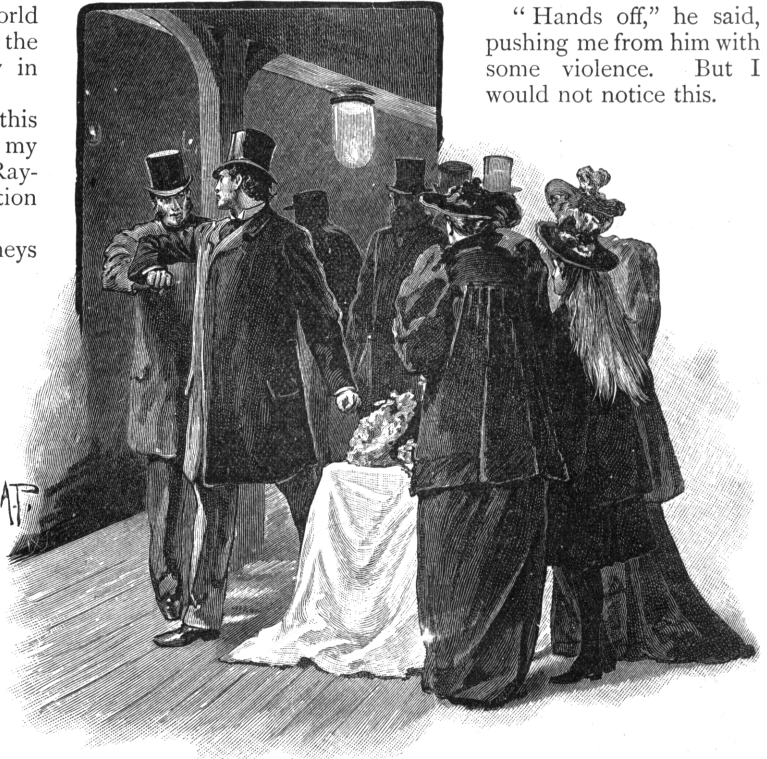
"Berring, have you attended to all my orders—bonfires, and all that sort of thing?"

Berring muttered something which no one could quite distinguish. There was a bustle on the platform owing to the removal of the coffin, which was placed on a bier covered with a white velvet cloth. At this moment a touching thing happened—six young girls came forward and laid wreaths of white flowers on the coffin. They were daughters of neighbouring squires. This token of respect touched Raymond, who went up and shook hands with one of them, and fortunately forgot to ask anything more about the bonfires.

I saw the gentlemen who had come to meet him and to offer their hearty sympathy and condolences looking at one another in a very significant manner, and I also saw that the moment had come for me to interfere.

I went up and took my friend firmly by the arm.

"Hands off," he said, pushing me from him with some violence. But I would not notice this.



"HANDS OFF!"

"Come," I said, "your carriage is waiting. Don't make yourself remarkable, I beg of you, Raymond. I am going with you in the carriage. See, they are already moving forward with ——"

"My wife—my bride!" said Raymond. "How often we talked of this home-coming! Halifax, my dear fellow, I feel dazed. What has come to me?"

"You are tired and worn out," I answered, soothingly. "Come." I took his arm, and he entered the brougham, which was waiting for him, without another word. I shall never forget that journey. The slow pace of the mourning carriages, the solemn look of the hearse on in front. It was a moon-lit and fine night, and the whole ghastly procession was, I could see, viewed the entire way by lines of spectators. Fortunately there were no bonfires, and more fortunately still, Raymond never noticed the fact.

We entered the winding and splendid avenue which led to the Towers, and after a time drew up at the principal entrance, in the centre of the pile of buildings.

"This door is never opened except for a bridal, a funeral, or a christening," said Raymond, in a light tone. "Heigh-ho!" he continued, "what a home-coming for the bonny bride."

He sprang out of the carriage and went up to the hearse. The bearers came forward to lift the coffin out. He pushed two of them roughly aside, and himself helped to carry his dead wife across the threshold of her home.

The coffin was placed on a raised dais in the great central hall. This dais was completely covered with flowers. Raymond, having helped to put the coffin in its place, turned round, and began to make a speech to the assembled visitors. Fortunately, this ghastly performance was more than he had strength for. He suddenly gave way, covered his face with his big hands, and rushed from the scene.

I immediately asked the friendly neighbours to leave us.

They did so, evidently in the greatest consternation, and I felt a slight sense of satisfaction as I closed the wide doors on the last of them.

An old, white-headed butler was standing in the hall.

His face was perfectly scared.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "May I ask, sir, if you're a doctor?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Can you tell me what's the matter with my poor master?"

"He is out of his mind for the time being," I answered, promptly.

"Then God help us all," replied the man.

"What is your name?" I inquired of him.

"Jasper, sir. I have served the family for close on thirty years. I was in the house when Mr. William was born. He was never quite like other lads, more shy like and morose a bit—but, oh, the change in him when he got engaged to Miss Travers! Oh, dear, oh, dear, why did she die, poor young lady?"

"It was very sudden," I replied. "I will tell you about it later on. I don't mind saying now that your master's condition fills me with anxiety, but the best thing all the rest of us can do is to keep our heads. What is the name of the steward?"

"Berring, Mr. Berring."

"I will see him by-and-by. Have all preparations been made for the funeral ceremony to-morrow?"

"I believe so, doctor—the oak coffin was sent in to-day."

"Tell Mr. Berring that I want to see him before he leaves for the night."

"He will sleep here to-night, sir."

"That is good," I replied. "I am going to your master now. Bring food and wine to the study, and be in readiness to come to me, should I ring."

"Yes, doctor."

The man retired, casting a pitying glance on the white coffin, which was now almost covered with flowers.

I looked at it, too, and could not help uttering a sigh as I thought of all the tragedy which it contained. I then went to find my poor friend. He was sitting in his study, warming his hands by a blazing fire. He had quite recovered from his temporary breakdown, and once again I saw that awful smile hovering round his lips.

"Come in," he said to me when he saw me at the door; "not that we want you—we are very happy here together; I knew that we should be."

I had no need to ask what he meant. I knew too well that this was a further development of his insanity. He thought, poor fellow, that his wife was really bearing him company. After a moment's hesitation, I determined to speak in a cheerful tone.

"Come, come," I said, "even though you are happy you must not turn out an old friend." I drew a chair forward as I spoke.

A frown crept over his face.

"She goes away when you come in," he said. "I wish you would leave us."

"I will presently," I answered. "I want some supper, and so do you. Ah, and here it comes. Lay it on that table, please, Jasper; thanks, that will do nicely."

The man withdrew noiselessly. I went to the table and insisted on Raymond's eating. I was relieved to find that he was hungry, and ate a good meal. I noticed that as he ate his face became less exalted and more natural in expression.

"She's dead," he said, suddenly. "I can't quite realize it."

"Have a glass of sherry," I interrupted.

He took it from my hand and tossed it off.

"She's dead," he continued, "although her spirit has come to me, as I knew it would. Hers was the first dead body I ever saw. She looked beautiful in her last sleep."

"I am sure she did," I answered. "I should like to have seen her."

"I always thought that dead people were cold," he continued; "but she was warm—after death she was very warm. The next day she was cold, but not icy—not as books describe the dead."

"She died suddenly and was young," I answered. "Sometimes chemical changes account for warmth after death. Now, Raymond, I am going to see you to your room; you must go to bed at once."

"No, I shall stay here."

"Just as you please," I answered. "There is a sofa here, a comfortable one. You must lie down and go to sleep."

"My dear fellow," he answered, "I have not slept since Maggie died."

"You will to-night, for I am going to give you a sleeping draught."

"I don't think I'll take it. Should she visit me again, she would think my conduct heartless."

"No, she won't—she sleeps well, and so

must you. Come, lie down. You need not even undress; all I want you to do is to rest." He was a bigger man than I, but I forced him to obey me. He lay down obediently on the sofa. I put a rug over him, and then going to my bag which lay on the floor, I took out a small medicine chest, mixed a certain draught, and gave it to him. In five minutes he was soundly asleep, and I could leave the room.

Berring was waiting to speak to me. Old Jasper hovered about in the passages. Berring assured me that all was ready for the morrow's ceremony. I said I wished it to be as quiet as possible, and to take place

early in the day. Berring said this should be done, and proposed that Mr. Herbert, the vicar, who was to officiate, should come and see me that evening.

"I will see him to-morrow," I said. "It is too late now."

Then the men began to question me with regard to Raymond. "Was he really insane? Had Mrs. Raymond gone out of her mind before she died?"

"I am sorry that I am unable to answer you," I replied. "Mrs. Raymond died from the effects of shock, caused by a railway accident, and her husband's mind

is at present in a very disturbed condition. If great care is exercised, however, and he is spared all undue excitement, I trust soon to see an improvement in him. I am now going to sit in his room, and will wish you good-night."

The men retired, and I went softly back to the shaded study, and sat down in a chair by the fire. Raymond was sound asleep. I knew that by his tranquil and regular breathing. I also thought it extremely unlikely that he would wake before the morning. The



"I MIXED A CERTAIN DRAUGHT."

bromidia I had given him would produce deeper and deeper slumber as the hours went by. There was a possibility also that he might awake calm, self-possessed, and in his right mind once more.

I sat on by the fire, and my thoughts wandered back to the tragic events of the last few days. The house was intensely quiet, but a bright light burnt in the hall, where the coffin on its dais of flowers lay, the central object of attraction. There lay the bride, and here was I taking care of the bridegroom.

All of a sudden I felt an intense desire to look once again on the face of the dead girl. I felt almost a sense of shock as this wish came over me. Why should I disturb the peaceful dead? Why not respect poor Raymond's desire that no eyes should look on his wife after death but his? I banished the thought almost as soon as it came, but not effectually, for it returned again, again, and yet again. Then, to add force to my wish, I recalled Raymond's words.

"After death she was warm—she grew cold later on, but was never icy."

"Good God!" I said to myself, springing to my feet in my agitation, "and no medical man, not even a professional nurse, saw this poor soul after death. No one expected her death. When I saw her last she was hysterical, nervous, over-wrought.

"There was no doubt that she was either partly or wholly insane. She was suffering from shock, and shock might lead to—to *catalepsy*! How do I know that she is dead? I will not rest until I find out for myself whether the spirit has really left this body." I felt painfully excited; but with the excitement came also an accompanying coolness and steadiness of nerve.

"What an ass Grey was not to see Mrs. Raymond," I said to myself. "Certainly death certificates ought to be altered—no medical man ought to be allowed to give one unless he has first seen the body, and testified with his own eyes to the presence of death. In this case, no one capable of judging saw that poor girl. Her husband lost his self-control—his mind was overbalanced—he became possessed with a desire, which was absolute insanity, to bring her here without a moment's delay. She was put into her coffin far too soon. Why did not I see her when I arrived at Llanmordaff late yesterday evening? God grant she has not died from suffocation. Anyhow, there is no peace for me until I solve this question."

I went softly into the hall and, ringing a bell, summoned Jasper on the scene.

For every reason it was well I should have a witness of my actions, and also someone to render me assistance if necessary. I much wondered, however, if the old man had nerve to witness my performance. Thank God, at least Raymond was sleeping. Suppose, however, that he awakened suddenly, that he came into the hall? I turned my mind resolutely from this contingency. Jasper was standing before me with the scared look still very manifest on his white old face. For some reason I preferred his assistance to that of Berring, the steward.

"Fetch me a screw-driver," I said, when the old man appeared. I spoke as sharply and incisively as I could. "Be quick about it," I continued, "don't make any noise."

Jasper potted away in some bewilderment. He returned with the necessary instrument in the course of a few minutes.

"Now," I said, "I want you to do something for me."

"Certainly, doctor."

"I want you, whatever happens, to keep your nerve. I am anxious, for reasons which I need not explain to you, to open the coffin."

"Good Lord!" cried the man, falling back.

"Keep quiet," I said, sternly; "you can control yourself if you wish. I intend to open the shell in which Mrs. Raymond has been placed. It so happens that no medical man has seen her since her death. This, in my opinion, ought never to be allowed—there are cases on record where inexperienced people have mistaken a disease called *catalepsy* for actual death. In order to satisfy my own mind, I mean now to look at the body. In case, however—as, alas, is most probable—Mrs. Raymond is really dead, I do not wish your master to know anything of this, either now or at any time in the future. Can I trust you with so grave a secret?"

"You can, doctor, you can."

"Thank you," I answered. "I felt sure that your courage would rise to the occasion. Remember, too, that I am your master's friend as well as his medical adviser."

"Be you Dr. Halifax, sir?"

"Yes."

A look of relief passed over the man's face.

"That's all right, then," he said. "We all know what Mr. Raymond thinks of you, sir. I'll do anything you want me to do, Dr. Halifax, only it isn't necessary for me to see the poor missus too, sir?"

"Certainly not. I wish you to stand by that study door with your hand on the key.

The moment you hear the least movement within, turn the key quietly in the lock. That is all. Whatever happens, under no emergency are you to utter a sound. Now this will be quickly over, and you can turn your back on me if you like."

I swept the many wreaths of white flowers aside, and began to unscrew the shell which contained the body. My great fear that the unfor-

my pocket, and applied them to the nostrils. There was a very faint movement. That was enough.

"Jasper," I said, speaking as steadily as I could, "come here."

The man obeyed, shuddering and faltering. I went up to him and took his hands. I

verily believe that tears were dimming my eyes.

"Thank God," I muttered under my breath. Aloud I said:—

"There has been an awful mistake made—but I am in time to put it right. Now, Jasper, on your self-control at this moment everything depends. Mrs. Raymond *is not dead*; but we must get her out of her coffin before she comes to consciousness, or the shock may really kill her."

The poor old man turned so white that I thought he would fall. I held the smelling salts to his nose.

"Keep up," I said, "if you love yourmaster. Think

and wonder afterwards as much as you like. Just obey me now. Tell me, is there a bedroom quite ready to receive Mrs. Raymond?"

"Yes, sir; the room that has been newly got ready for mymaster and his bride. It is all fully prepared, fire burning there, and everything."

"Is it a cheerful room?"

"Beautiful, doctor; furnished new by Liberty."

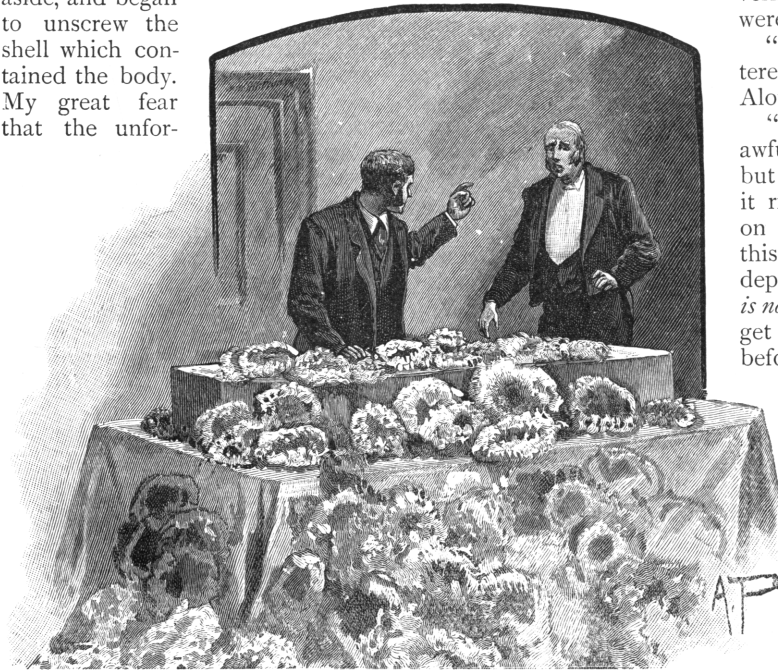
"That's all right. Is there a woman of any kind in this house?"

"Of course, Dr. Halifax."

"A woman with a head on her shoulders, I mean—someone who can act promptly and show self-control?"

"There's Mrs. Adams, the housekeeper. Shall I fetch her?"

"If you think she won't scream. If you think she will behave just as admirably as you are doing at the present moment, she can go into the bedroom and get it ready. Go to her as quickly as you can, Jasper, and bring me down a hot blanket. Now, be quick. We have not an instant to lose."



"I SWEEPED THE MANY WREATHS OF WHITE FLOWERS ASIDE."

tunate girl might have been suffocated in her coffin was immediately relieved by the fact that the badly and hastily made shell was anything but air-proof—the lid did not fit—and although the white velvet covering gave the coffin a fairly respectable appearance, it was evidently the work of an unaccustomed hand. I quickly unscrewed it, and, lifting the lid, looked down at the fair face of the dead. Mrs. Raymond looked beautiful in her last sleep. Her hands were folded in conventional fashion on her breast—her head drooped slightly to one side, her lips were parted, and there was a faint, a very faint, tinge of colour on her cheeks. I eagerly seized one of the hands, and felt for the pulse in the wrist. After a long time I fancied that I distinguished a throb. The hands were limp. There was no rigidity apparent anywhere.

"Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed, under my breath. "How could any but a madman have thought this sleeping girl dead?"

I took some strong smelling salts out of

My nerve inspired the old man. He rushed away eagerly, and hovered in a fever of impatience between the study door and the open coffin. All would be lost, indeed, if Raymond awoke now. He did not stir, however, and I owned to myself that my fears made me unduly anxious.

After a time, which seemed an eternity, Jasper returned with the blanket.

I wrapped it tenderly round the sleeping girl's slender form, lifted her in my arms, and carried her upstairs. She was placed in a warm bed, restoratives of different kinds were immediately applied, and in about a quarter of an hour she opened her eyes and smiled at me.

She recognised me immediately, and asked where she was.

"In bed," I said. "You are going to have this cup of beef-tea, and then you are to have another sleep. You have been ill, but are much better."

"I don't remember anything," she said, in a drowsy tone; "but I want Will. Where is he?"

"He shall come to you very soon; now go to sleep."

I sat by her until she fell into a gentle, natural slumber, then, motioning Mrs. Adams to take my place by her side, I went downstairs.

Jasper and Berring, whom he had summoned, were both standing by the open coffin. Both men looked dazed, as well they might. Jasper rubbed his hand several times across his eyes.

"Now, look here," I said to them both. "You are immediately to get rid of all that. Every trace of it must be taken away, flowers and all, and the hall restored to its normal condition. Do you hear me? This *must* be done before Mr. Raymond awakes, and what is more, as you value your master's life and reason, you two men are never to mention the subject of this night to him, or to anyone else in the place. I myself will see Mr. Herbert, the clergyman, in the morning, and you, Berring, can go round and stop all funeral proceedings immediately."

The men promised to do everything that I wished, and I spent the rest of the night between the two rooms where the husband and wife each slept unconscious of the other.

The grey dawn was breaking when Will opened his eyes. He stretched himself at first, looked round him drowsily, and stared at me in some astonishment.

"Why, Halifax, old man," he began.

Then memory returned to him. The poor fellow turned ghastly pale, and put his hand to his brow.

"I forgot for a moment," he began.

"What did you forget?" I answered, cheerfully. "Come up to your wife. She is rather tired after her journey, but is awake now, and has been asking for you incessantly for over an hour."

"But, Halifax, you forget—you must have taken leave of your senses—Maggie is dead—this is the day of her funeral."

"That is not the case," I answered, speaking on purpose in as matter-of-fact a tone as possible. "The state of things is this: Mrs. Raymond's death was assumed far too quickly. You behaved in a very extraordinary way when you allowed no doctor to see her. As matters turned out, she was only having a long sleep. I opened her coffin last night—for goodness' sake, keep quiet, man—don't excite yourself—it is all right—I opened her coffin, and found that she was beginning to awake. She is now in bed, doing well, taking nourishment, and asking for you."

Poor Raymond's face was a picture—he staggered for a moment, clutching my shoulder with a grip of iron, but presently he recovered himself. The news was too good not to restore his mental equilibrium.

"Now, look here," I said, "you are all right, and joy need never kill anyone; but remember that your wife knows nothing of this, and if you wish her to keep her reason, *she must never know*. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, yes, of course I do. But I am stunned. I can't take the thing in. Has my wife really got her reason back?"

"Perfectly."

"Then she doesn't dislike me now?"

"Good heavens, no—she's longing for you to go to her."

"My God, how can I thank Thee?" said poor Raymond. "Halifax, old man, let me pass."

"You are not to go to your wife in that state. Have a bath and a shave, change your things—go quietly into the room, sit by her side and talk commonplaces. There is not the least hurry. She is very calm at the present moment, and you must on no account excite her."

"I'll do anything in the world you tell me, Halifax—*how can I thank you?*"

"By doing what I say."

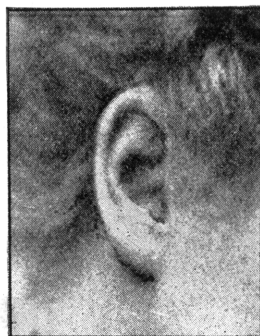
These things happened two years ago. Raymond and his wife are the happiest people of my acquaintance. Neither of them have shown a trace of insanity from that day to this, and Mrs. Raymond never knows, nor will, I think, anyone ever tell her, how she came home as a bride to Raymond Towers.

A Chapter on Ears.

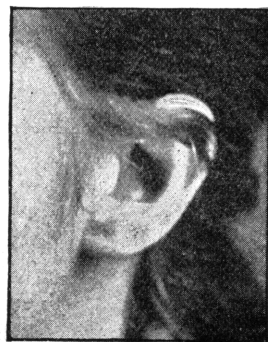
(Concluded from last month.)



HERE are photographs of the ears of several famous ladies. Now the aurognomist, no less than the physiognomist, has one awkward obstacle to his theories. It is this. If a long feature, a short feature, a broad or a thick feature indicates a great quality or virtue of the mind, then is genius and goodness a deformity—that is, of course, if we begin by the assumption that physical and mental traits go hand in hand. For in a face, a hand, or a body of perfect proportion nothing is long, short, broad, narrow, thick or thin, but everything of the just and normal size. Perhaps we may take it, however, that any quality, good or bad, outbalancing the others, will be marked by a corresponding outbalancing of a physical feature. This will justify the physiognomist and will not offend the regularly and duly proportioned person; for of them it may then be assumed that all the impulses are in perfect balance, as is proper in sane and normal humanity. The ear of the Princess of Wales, it will be observed, small in itself, is of exact and elegant proportion in its various parts. Here is no thin helix and no abnormally large or small anti-helix; also, the cavity of the concha is of medium shape and depth. From this ear, then, may be drawn all the favourable conclusions possible in a case of exact symmetry. Another ear of small and good shape is that of Miss Ellen Terry. Here,



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S EAR.



MME. ANTOINETTE STERLING'S EAR
Vol. vi.—68.



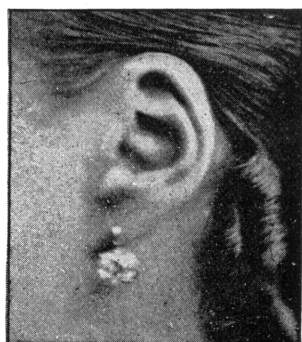
THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S EAR.

too, the helix is neither thin nor thick, and the anti-helix neither prominent nor the reverse. The lobe is slightly fuller than in the previous case, and the tragus is flatter; also the depression in the upper part of the upper part of the anti-helix is less

distinct—being, in fact, almost absent. The hollow of the concha is as nearly as possible identical in shape and size.

In Madame Antoinette Sterling's ear a similarity is noticeable, as far as the size and depth of the concha are concerned, to that of M. Paderewski. Here, then, we have the cases of two eminent practitioners of musical art whose perception of music would seem to be to some degree indicated by depth and capacity in the concha; this, too, apparently in direct conflict with the theory, so strikingly exemplified in the case of Mozart (see the illustration published last month), that a small and shallow concha indicates, nay, even causes, a delicate perception of sound. Whether or not a different quality of perception is to be expected in composer and executant, is another question. But in this matter the ears of two famous executants (M. Jean de Reszké and Mr. Edward Lloyd) contradict each other flatly, as presently we shall see. The only other noticeable features in Madame

Sterling's ear are the thin, intellectual helix and the short, compact feminine lobe. In the case of the Marchioness of Londonderry, we may observe an ear most strongly marked in its



MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY'S EAR.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY'S EAR.

various features and yet, at the same time, extremely small and feminine in size and shape. The anti-helix, in its lower part, stands out almost to the extent noticeable in the cases of many men of great genius.

Miss Winifred Emery's ear is a

characteristic and excellent example. The thin helix, denoting talent and intellectuality, is conjoined with the anti-helix, prominent in its lower part, carrying cognate indications, while the entire ear retains its feminine shape. One striking characteristic it has in common with Sir Frederick Leighton's ear, placed by it for comparison. That is the sharpness of the angle formed by the bend of the helix at the top. Whether or not this conformation bears any relation to the artistic temperament is not altogether clear, although the likeness in the two cases is striking. A somewhat similarly sharp angle is observable in the ear of Mr. Edward Lloyd.

Mr. Burne Jones's ear would seem, in its small concha, to tell of a sensitive musical appreciation. Otherwise the ear is only noticeable as being of refined normal proportions.

The ears of M. Jean de Reszké and Mr. Edward Lloyd present a most noticeable contrast already referred to. The deep and wide concha of the one and the ex-

tremely small and shallow corresponding part of the other strike the eye at once. Otherwise there is nothing unusual about either ear, except, perhaps, the strong, even breadth of the helix.



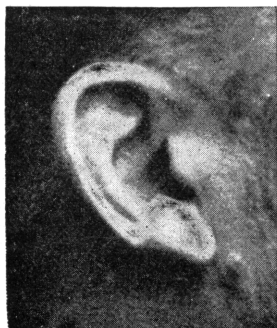
SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S EAR.

part—just as is so observable in the ears of Cardinal Manning, Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, John Stuart Mill (see last number), Sir Frederick Leighton, and (in particular) the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon. This prominence of the lower anti-helix is indeed the chief characteristic of Mr. Spurgeon's ear; in other respects a strong, normal specimen.

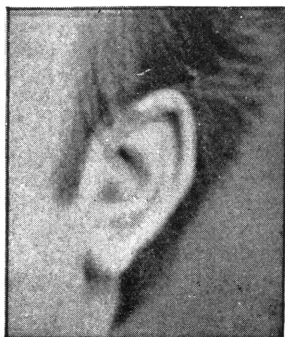
Mr. Justin McCarthy exhibits what may be called, after the Mozart example, a "good ear for music." The concha is small and shallow. The helix is delicate and regular, and the lobe small. It will be seen that this and the five succeeding examples are ears of novelists. Novel-readers may here trace out, if they will, the varying features of these. As may be expected, a very great contrast is ob-



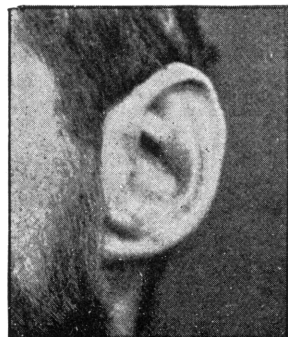
MR. BURNE JONES'S EAR.



M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ'S EAR.

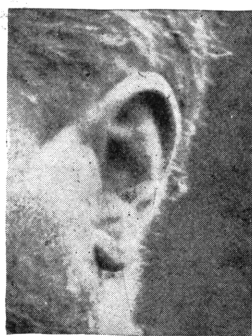


MR. EDWARD LLOYD'S EAR.



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S EAR.

servable between the ear of "Ouida" and that of the grand old man of literature, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Here, for once,



THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S EAR

Holmes. Mr. Thomas well rounded, clear

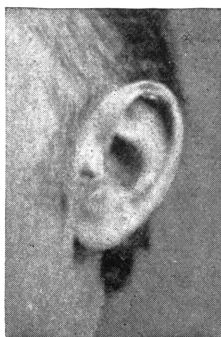


MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY'S EAR.

cases of Miss Emery and Sir Frederick Leighton. Mr. Clark Russell has the sharp angle which also characterizes those mentioned, while in Mr. Barrie's case the angle is completely absent, the top of the ear pre-

sented a square line. What is specially bucolic, what Scotch, and what maritime respectively in these last three ears, aurognomy is not yet in a sufficiently advanced state to determine. But it may be observed that the largest lobe is

the lady's ear has a larger lobe than the gentleman's. The narrowness and prominence of the anti-helix, most uncommonly carried right across the top of the lobe, is the striking feature in the case of Miss La Ramée, and the breadth and shortness of the same part in that of Dr. Hardy's is a cut ear, of moderately thin helix and small lobe; the anti-helix is prominent at the lower part. Mr. J. M. Barrie's and Mr. Clark Russell's present a curious contrast in the matter of the angle of the helix-curve already referred to in the



MR. THOMAS HARDY'S EAR.

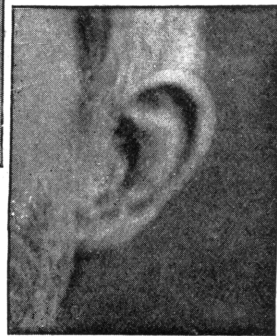


MR. J. M. BARRIE'S EAR.

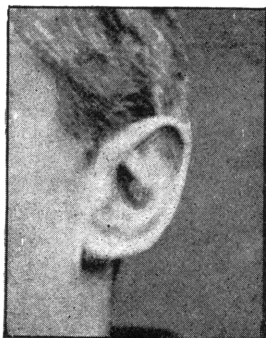


"OUIDA'S" EAR.

Mr. Barrie's and the smallest Mr. Clark Russell's. Also it may respectfully be wondered whether or not the illustrious ears we have spoken of are burning at this moment.



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S EAR.



MR. CLARK RUSSELL'S EAR.

Beauties :—Children.

From a Photo. by T. B. Latchmore, Brand Street, Hitchin.



Nellie Dobbs



Gladys Marie Ellis

*Photo. by
Burton & Sons,
Leicester.*



Mollie McClory

From a Photo. by Eddison, Leeds.

From a Photo. by W. V. Corbett, Staines.



From a Photo. by Lavender, Bromley, Kent.

From a Photo. by S. Roberts Stevenson, Nottingham.

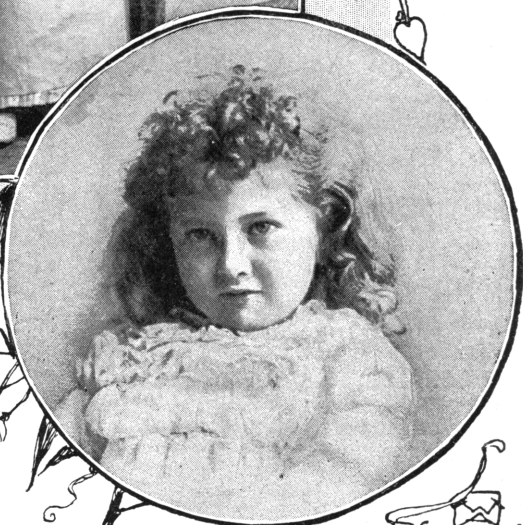
From a Photo. by Lonsdale & Co., Finsbury Park.

Doris Dolley.



Lorna Dalziel.

From a Photo. by
Hermann Ernst,
St. John's Wood.



Doris Hammersley.

From a Photo. by Lavender, Bromley, Kent.

Illustrated Interviews.

XXVIII.—SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART., C.B.



From a Photo. by]

WISTOW HALL.

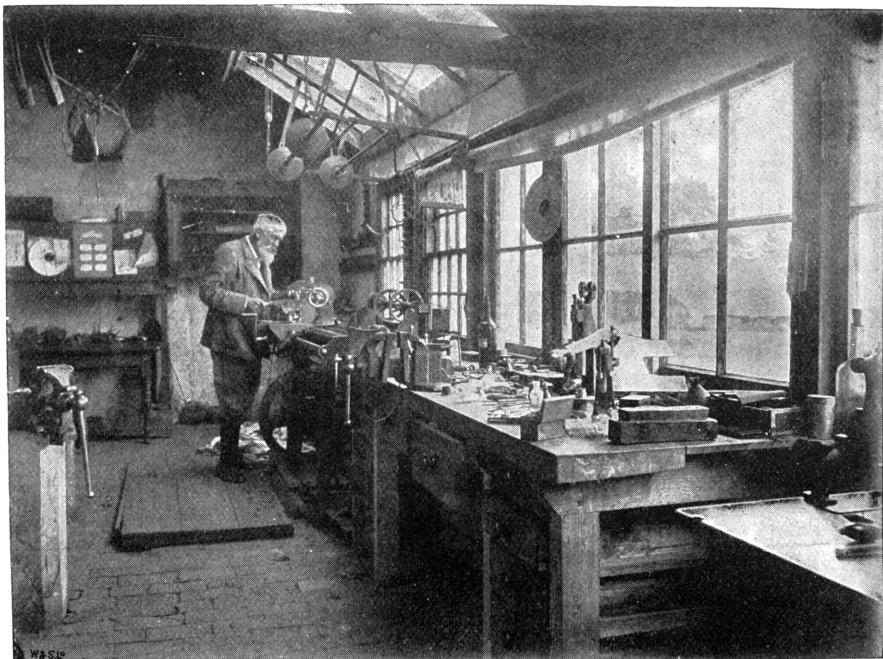
[Elliott & Fry.



WISTOW HALL stands in one of the most picturesque parts of Leicestershire. One corner of it seems in a dell, another provides a glorious view of the country, whilst from a further side you catch sight of the ivy-clothed church and the pool with its tall flags, which shiver in the wind and serve for cover to the coots and water-hens, while the rooks and their near relations, the jackdaws, among the big elms on the other side of the house hold a noisy parliament. The Hall is one of the oldest in "the county of gates." You will find it mentioned in Domesday Book, and its owner still pays £2 a year as a knight's fee as the Lord of the Manor of Wistow—a fee first paid in 1236. As I pass through the avenue of elms, which stand like sentries on either side of the path which leads to the house, I am reminded that we are but ten miles from Loseby—another old Leicestershire seat—where the old Marquis of Waterford was wont to amuse himself by shooting at the family portraits, and on one memorable occasion rode a favourite hunter over a five-barred gate fixed on no less a course than that provided by the dining-room carpet!

Wistow Hall is the home of the man who may honestly be titled "The Grand Old Man of Shooting." Sir Henry Halford has revelled in records almost from the very first meeting at Wimbledon in 1860, and it is a remarkable fact that amongst his prizes—and there are twenty-one of them—are those of the Albert at Wimbledon in 1862, and the same trophy at Bisley in 1893, a record lapse of thirty-one years! Ten years ago a lady remarked at Wimbledon, "What a very old man to be shooting!" but on the 9th of last August, when he was forced to remember that it was his sixty-fifth birthday, he adjourned to the field adjoining the house, which makes a capital range, and rattled off a dozen or two bull's-eyes with as much deliberation and more certainty than he did when he first handled a rifle.

Sir Henry is of medium height. His hair is snowy white—his eyes look you through and through. He wears a comfortable knickerbocker suit, and a drab coloured, broad-brimmed, soft tennis hat. He talks rapidly, though always thoughtfully. Success with the rifle and gun—he has brought down his stag, too, with the best of them—has not spoiled what I soon discovered was the original foundation



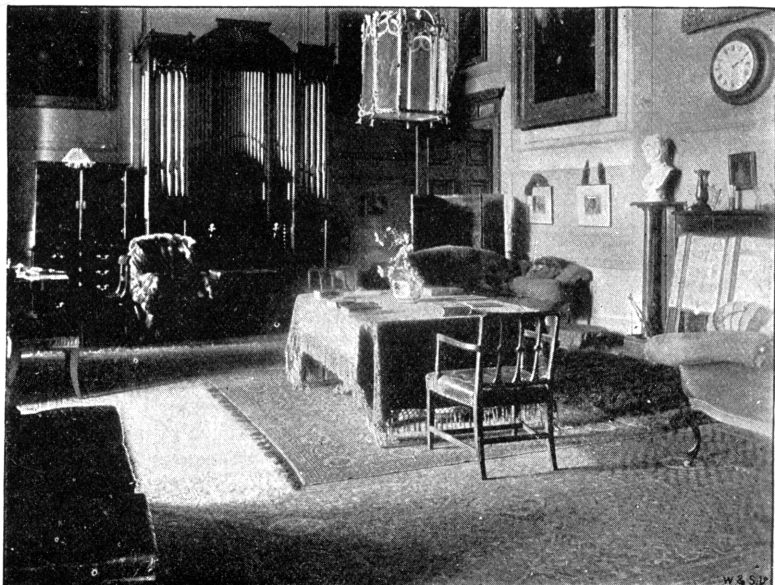
From a Photo. by]

AT WORK.

[Elliott & Fry.

of his constitution—modesty. He converses with extreme enthusiasm on all things connected with shooting weapons, and discusses the Volunteer movement with equal heartiness. His days are passed in experimenting. Go into his workshop—it abuts from a magnificent conservatory where, amongst the flowers, oranges and lemons are making satisfactory progress. It is a working man's room indeed. Sir Henry is a practical gun-maker, and here you will find every known appliance for making tools associated with the gun-maker's art. Immediately after breakfast the veteran enters his experimenting apartment, though he has before now stuck to his task till eleven at night and started work at three in the morning. And his dog, "Numa

Pompelius," invariably keeps its master company. Sir Henry admits that he lives with his dogs. He kept them as a lad and has grown up with them. This particular animal is a sort of canine alarm-clock—it digs its master out of bed every morning. It carries various articles about from one part of the house to the other. Master and animal



From a Photo. by]

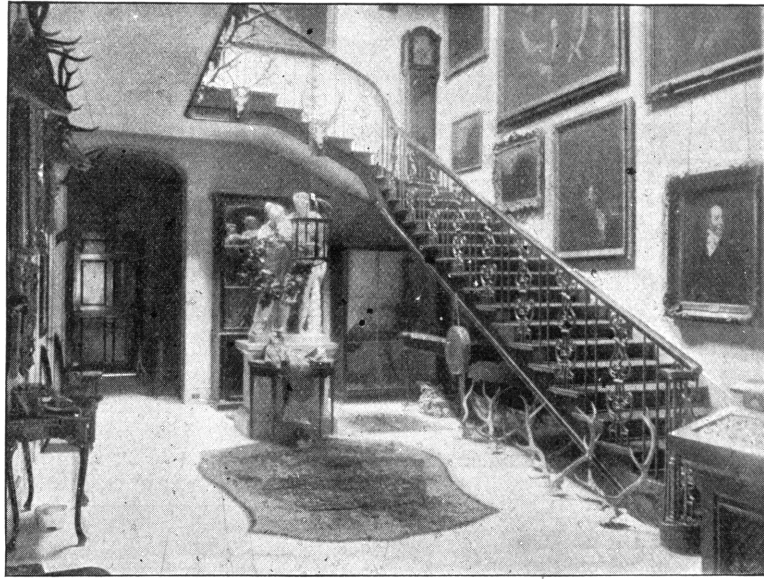
THE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

invariably take a Sunday stroll together. On the Sunday previous to my visit Sir Henry had dozed off in his easy chair, and the hour of setting out had passed. The dog hurried

and rods and the photographic camera, as though hurriedly put down by Sir Henry after a visit to the stream or an attempt to catch a likeness of his friends. From this

hall you pass to the Inner or White Hall, which at first sight is remarkable for the number of trophies of deer-stalking which are arranged all out the walls—skeleton heads and antlers—whilst magnificent skins are thrown about the floor and overhang the banisters. But go to the far end, just behind a fine piece of Grecian statuary. Here is a glass case containing, amongst a number of old-time army accoutrements, two saddles. The crimson



From a Photo. by

THE WHITE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.]

out into the hall, picked up the broad-brimmed hat, returned to the room and laid it on the baronet's knees. The dog got its walk.

The interior of Wistow Hall is in every way interesting.

The entrance-hall is at once impressive. Its height and width are remarkable for symmetrical balancing. It contains some fine oils by Sir Thomas Lawrence, notably portraits of the grandfather of the present baronet, Sir Henry Halford; and of Sir Charles Vaughan, and Baron Vaughan, a noted judge. A fine organ stands at one end, and scattered about behind marble busts one notes the fishing tackle

velvet and gold trappings are faded—the leather looks worn and hard-riden—but there is something unmistakably regal about them.

Then Sir Henry remarks :—

“Charles I. slept here the night before the



From a Photo. by

CHARLES I.'S BEDROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

Hastings, the Duke of York, George IV., Wellington, Archbishop Laud; and Sir Henry's father and mother by Pickersgill.

The only two associations of shooting are noteworthy ones. The great silver cup on the table is the Albert Cup of 1893, whilst on the massive oaken sideboard is a bronze figure of "Fortuna," presented by the National Rifle Association of America to the winners of the

battle of Naseby, and those are the saddles of the King and Prince Rupert, which they left at Wistow on their flight from Naseby to Leicester when they changed horses. Come upstairs and see the bedroom."

The room remains the same, as far as the ceiling and wooden panelling go, as it did on the night when Charles was grateful for his rest. Outside, the fair view of the oak trees and rising ground, with its old fountain and sun-dial, is unchanged. But the bedstead is gone. The old wooden walls are decorated with many pictures, amongst which a portrait of the King is visible, and excellent engravings of Wellington and of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair."

We returned to the hall. There was a story to be told of every pair of antlers and every head which hangs here. This pair over the door belonged to a fine stag who stayed for the moment on the brow of a hill watching with jealous eyes the movements of another who apparently had intentions on his retinue of wives. That halt brought a shot from Sir Henry's gun and triumph to the rival.

The dining, drawing, and morning rooms run one into the other, terminating in the conservatory already referred to. The dining-room is notable for its paintings. A copy of "Rubens, by himself"—the original of which is at Antwerp—is conspicuous, though there are many grand canvases by Lawrence and other artists of eminence—Warren



STATUE WON IN UNITED STATES.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

International Military Match between the Volunteers of Great Britain and the National Guard of the United States, competed for on September 14th and 15th, 1882. Sir Henry captained the winning team, who gave him this token. Here, too, is the Cambridge Cup, won in 1865 at 1,000 and 1,100 yards.

The reception-rooms are full of works of art, cabinets, bric-à-brac, sculpture, and pictures, whilst the number of miniatures about are as numerous as they are precious. Photos of the "English Eights" of the early days of shooting abound—very quaint some of the competitors look in their queer-cut coats and the most approved of "Dundrearies." In a niche is a gold bust of George IV., presented by the members of the Royal Family to the present baronet's grandfather, who at the

piece of carving in the form of a head, the face and features of which seemed familiar.

It was a bust of Napoleon I. as a child. There was the sign of a boyish smile, but the heavy, immovable lineaments of the man were there.

I missed Sir Henry from my side. He returned in a moment with a faded letter, brown and creased with age, in his hand. And he read aloud :—

"July 2nd, 1815.

"MY DEAR HENRY,—I have time only to write you one line. Your last letter to me was of the 7th June. You will have heard of the great battle of the 18th. It was quite terrible—however, its effects have been decisive.

"I think I shall have the king upon his throne and the world at peace in a few days. As my day is scarcely long enough for all I have to do, of course I have



BUST OF GEORGE IV.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

"ENGLISH EIGHT," 1863.

[Herbert Watkins, Regent Street.

CAPT. DRAKE.

CAPT. WILLIAMS.
CAPT. HEATON.A. ASHTON.
LADY BURY.

LORD BURY.

MARTIN SMITH.
EARL DUCIE.LIEUT.-COL. HALFORD. WM. PALMER.
E. J. HAWKER. CAPT. ROWLAND.

not time to enter into details. But the business is certainly settled. Whether a few days sooner or later does not signify, and the world will at last be at rest.

"Believe me,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

It was the first letter from the Great Duke to his brother, Lord Wellesley, written after the memorable Sunday which decided Waterloo.

It is not before you settle down in Sir Henry's den that you get a firm idea of his past career and present-day work. A table crowded with everything suggestive of guns—from an old-time powder-flask to a delicate pair of scales for weighing grains of explosive—takes up considerable room. He is always experimenting—always trying to get better work out of rifles, as they vary so tremendously; but he thinks the future of the match rifle about settled now, and but little remains to be done. The mahogany gun-cabinet stands in the centre of the room, and provides accommodation for ten weapons—match rifles, magazine rifles, express shooting rifles, and the little American '22 rifle for rabbit shooting. I examined the gun with which Mr. Bagshaw won the Wim-

bledon Cup this year at Bisley, making the record score at 1,100 yards of seventy points out of seventy-five, whilst the rifle used by Sir Henry this year at the same camp comes in for attention. It appeared with the grand old shot at his twentieth time of shooting in the English Eight, and helped to make for him his biggest score of any year. Mingled together with many trophies on the mantel-board are relics of the hunting field. A curious chart is plastered all over with representations of targets showing extraordinary scores. Gibbs stands first with the finest ever made, on October 4th, 1886, with forty-eight bull's-eyes out of fifty at a thousand yards, and Sir Henry comes a good second with forty-three out of forty-five at the same distance, in October, 1885.

Around the room is an excellent collection of books—including all works bearing on the sport with which Sir Henry's name is inseparably associated—the sideboards and spare spaces are taken up with portable reminiscences of travels in foreign countries, whilst the pictures are for the most part shooting subjects, in which Sir Henry plays no small part. Several of them are reproduced in these pages. The trio of rifle shots who comprise an aggregate of ninety-five

years' shooting at Wimbledon is surely a record. The three gentlemen are Captain Pixley, a Queen's Prize winner; Mr. Henry Whitehead, a noted shot; and Sir Henry Halford.

Sir Henry refilled his pipe and laid aside his spectacles. Whilst he was handling the tobacco I noticed the difference between the shape of the right hand as compared with the left.

"Ah!" said Sir Henry, in reply to my query, "you can always tell the hand of a man who has shot much. Look at that second finger, it is quite disjointed; indeed, the whole hand is turned. Then many men bear the kiss of the rifle butt on the jawbone. The eyes, too, are a guide in singling out your rifle shot. I always think that blue or grey are the best shooting eyes; that's why the Scots are so successful at the target, for apart from their thoroughness in all they undertake, there are more blue eyes amongst them. An eye with a very small pupil is a great advantage. Brown eyes seldom come in; the marked exception to this, however, is Lamb, who is as good a shot as any man, and his are chestnutty brown."

A great cloud of smoke from Sir Henry's briar was blown with a satisfaction that blessed the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh. Then I learnt that amongst shooting men the larger proportion of them are non-smokers. The veteran is a persistent smoker, and, practically, never shoots without a pipe in his mouth.

"Let me put in a plea for the pipe," he said, merrily. "I was once shooting in one

of the matches for the Elcho Shield—and shooting very badly.

"Why, where's your pipe?" somebody standing by asked. 'Light up—you'll do better.'

"And I did. I hadn't been smoking for some little time, but with the first few puffs my very next shot was a bull's-eye!"

I tried some of Sir Henry's tobacco.

Sir Henry St. John Halford, C.B., was born at Maidwell, Northamptonshire, on August 9th, 1828, and curiously enough his family motto is: "To exercise, unambitious of glory, the *silent* arts." His first lessons were learnt at a dame's school when five years of age, and at seven he was promoted to a grammar school at Market Bosworth, and after a term at a preparatory tutor's, went to Eton at twelve.

"It was a very rough place in my time," said Sir Henry, "and one of my first adventures was to get nearly killed by a boy, who rejoiced in the name of Bill Sikes, and was a Yorkshireman, and a very good fellow. I got into a fight with the worthy Sikes—a boy bigger than myself—and had to stand up for three-quarters of an hour, until the chapel bell rang, otherwise I should have had to 'take a licking.' I was in the boats at Eton, and amongst my schoolfellows were Justice Chitty, the Speaker of the House of Commons—there were no fewer than ten Peels when I was there—and the Marquis of Salisbury. Chitty was in my house, and was a leader in football, the boating

eight, and the cricket eleven. He was a splendid fellow, clever with his books, and looked upon with great respect. I think I may say that Lord Salisbury was one of the few boys who never got into any trouble. He was always very reticent, kept a good deal to himself, not 'hail fellow well met!' with the boys. He wasn't a boating or cricketing man, but more of the literary class. Everybody liked him.

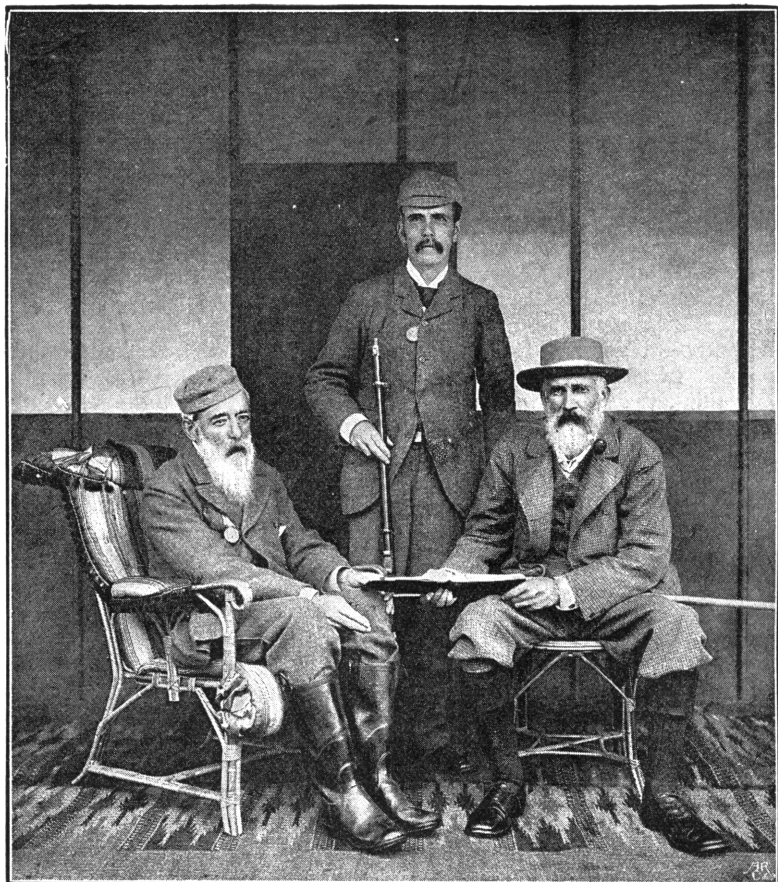
"I left Eton in 1845, and went to



From a Photo. by]

THE DEN.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

PORTRAIT GROUP.

[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

CAPT. PIXLEY.

MR. HENRY WHITEHEAD.

SIR HENRY HALFORD.

Merton, Oxford. Out of twenty-eight undergraduates, nineteen of them were Etonians. After taking my degree I travelled a good deal, and was the first with four others to row a four-oared boat on the Rhine, Maine, and Moselle for a distance of 600 miles."

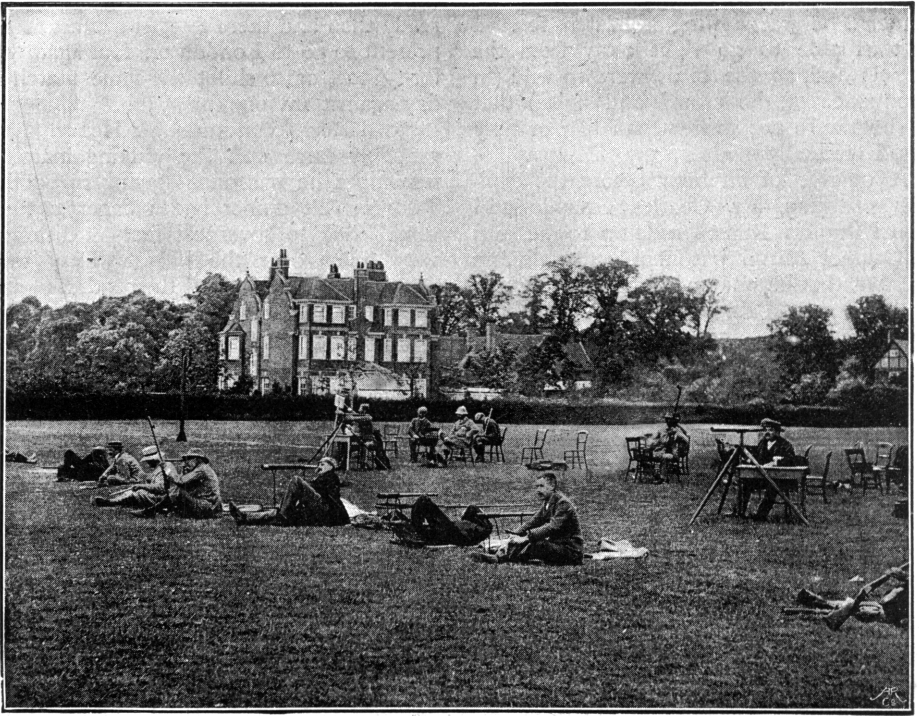
Up to 1860 Sir Henry did nothing but magisterial work in the county—he has been Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for twenty years, and chairman of the County Council for the first four years. When in 1860 the Volunteer movement was started, he was appointed captain of a company formed in Leicestershire. Soon afterwards he was made a major, and finally took command of the Leicestershire Rifle Volunteers in 1862. In those early days the men found their own clothes and rifles. He remained—with a brief lapse of six years—in command until 1891, when he retired: having in 1886 been made a C.B. for his services to Volunteers. It should be mentioned that in

1880 Sir Henry was placed on the Small Arms Committee, and was one of those who had much to do with the selection of the Lee-Metford rifle.

"I was eight years of age when I had my first gun," Sir Henry continued, "and went in for rabbit shooting. I was always fond of burning powder, and when rifle shooting came to a head with the Volunteer movement, I got my rifle, went to the Wimbledon meeting of 1861, but found I had not learned enough. In 1862 I got a 'Whitworth,' practised hard all the spring, and went to compete in the English Eight at Hythe. I came out first. In the match against

Scotland, in that year, for the Elcho Shield, I made top score. It was an exciting match, but ended in England scoring 890 points to Scotland's 724. That year I made £265.

"It was in these early days that old Captain Ross was very much in evidence at Wimbledon camp, with his three sons—Hercules, Edward, and Colin. In 1863 they formed part of the Scottish team. Edward won the first Queen's prize. I knew old Ross well. The father and boys had been deer-stalkers all their lives. Ross at this time must have been close upon sixty, and was the finest shot in the world. He was very averse to duelling—pleading that it enabled good shots to insult men with impunity—and told me that he had been appointed second in sixteen duels, and had always got his men apart without allowing a single shot to be fired. So great was he with the use of the pistol that a Spaniard came over specially to study his methods, querying whether Ross was as pro-



From a Photo. by]

SHOOTING FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CUP.

[Clarke, Cambridge.

ficient with the weapon as report avowed. A match was arranged between the two men with duelling pistols—the distance being twenty yards, and the target a bull's-eye the size of a sixpence. The Spaniard hurried off home after seeing Ross hit the bull's-eye with twenty consecutive shots.

"He was the hero of the great grouse shooting match with Colonel Anson."

Sir Henry handed me an old paper which contained the story in Captain Ross's own words, and is so interesting that it may well be reproduced here.

"The terms were," says Mr. Ross, "that I should make my appearance at Mildenhall prepared to shoot against any gentleman that Lord de Roos should name; that we were to start at sunrise by the watch, and shoot until sunset, without any halt; that no dogs should be used, but that we were to walk about forty or fifty yards apart, with two or three men between, or on one side of us; that it was not necessary any birds should be picked up: the umpires seeing them drop was to be considered sufficient. The bet was £200 a side, but to that I added considerably before the event came off.

"We all breakfasted at Mildenhall by candle-light, and were in line ready to start

at the correct moment when (by the watch) the sun had risen, for we could see no sun, as the country was enveloped in mist. Colonel Anson was a particularly fast and strong walker, and seemed to fancy he was able to outwalk me. So off he went at 'score' pace (I merely guess it), probably from four and a half to five miles an hour. I was not sorry to see him go off at 'score,' as I knew I was in the highest possible state of training, and that I was able to keep up that pace for fifteen or sixteen hours without a halt. Everything was conducted with the greatest possible fairness. We changed order every hour, and as Colonel Anson was quite able to hold on the great pace, we were fighting against each other as fairly as two men could do.

"The Colonel had luck on his side, for though in the arrangement of the match, as made by Lord de Roos, everything was fair, still by mere chance birds rose more favourably for him than for me, and in the course of the match he got eleven more shots than I did; the consequence was that he at one time was seven birds ahead of me. About two o'clock, I saw evident signs of the Colonel having near about 'pumped' himself. 'The Old Squire' rode up to me, and said: 'Ross,

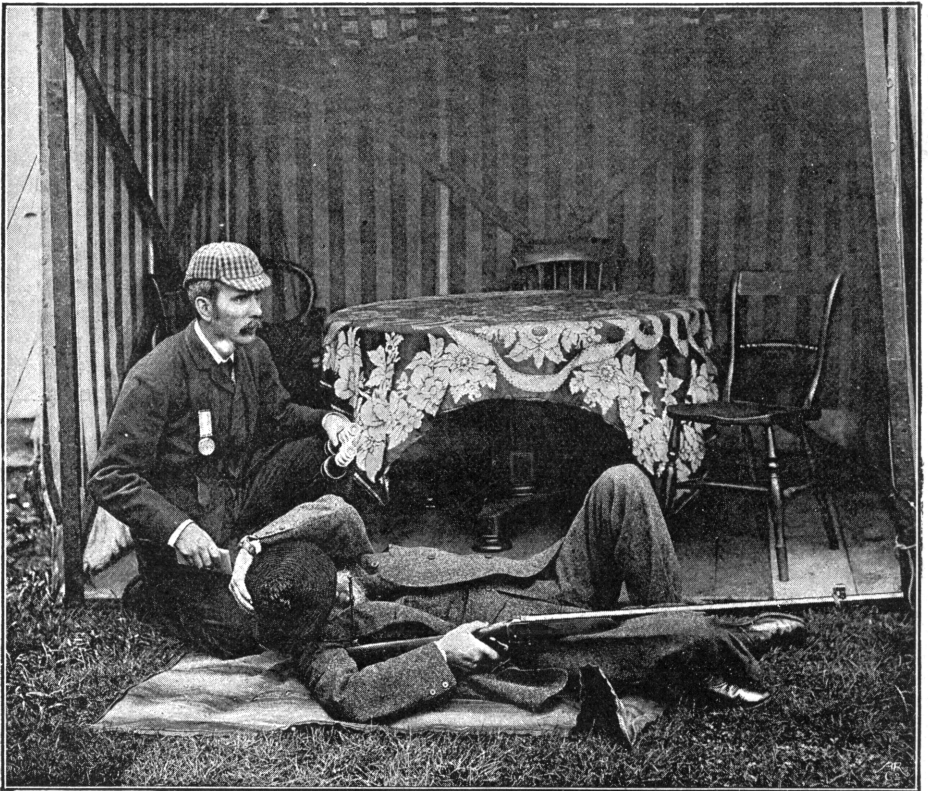
go along! he'll lie down directly and die'—he fancied he was viewing a beaten fox. I was thus able to go right away from the Colonel; and, as the birds were so wild (in consequence of the crowd and noise) that few shots were got nearer than fifty or sixty yards, I gradually made up my 'lee-way.'

"A quarter of an hour before the expiration of time, Mr. Charles Greville and Colonel Francis Russell rode up to me, and said Colonel Anson was unable to walk any more, but that he was one bird ahead of me, and that Lord de Roos had authorized them to propose to me to make it a drawn match. I had a great deal of money depending on the result (about £1,000), and had not had a shot for the last ten minutes, so, after a moment's consideration, I came to the conclusion that, at that late hour, when the birds were all out of the turnips and feeding in the stubble, it was too great a sum to risk on the chance of getting a brace of birds in a quarter of an hour. I therefore agreed to make it a drawn match. I was as fresh as when I started, and in the excitement of the moment, and perhaps a little anxious to show that I was not beaten, I said to the assembled multitude

(about five to six hundred people) that I was ready then and there to start against any one present to go to London on foot against him for £500, or to shoot the same match next day against any one for £500."

"Old Ross," continued Sir Henry, "would probably have won the walking match. I remember he was once staying in Scotland. Two men at dinner had a wager as to who would walk to Inverness first—a distance of sixty miles over the hills. They started there and then in their dress shoes, Ross accompanying them as a friend. He had almost to carry one of the contestants into Inverness at last! Old Ross killed two stags on his eightieth birthday, and died a year or two afterwards.

"You ask me whom I consider the most representative Irish shot. Rigby, now head of the Small Arms Factory at Enfield. He was a well-known Dublin gun-maker, and has shot more times in an International team than any man. He shot in the first Irish Eight for the Elcho Shield in 1865. Wales really has not got a representative man, for you must remember that the land of the leek never won a big prize until this year, when it



From a Photo. by]

SIGHTING A SHOT.

[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

captured the Queen's. Wales is particularly deficient in long ranges, and I should say we could not get a representative Welsh team. The Scots' rifle shot, though—in proportion to its population—is the most successful of all. In the final stage for the Queen's at Bisley this year there were 45 Scots, 43 English, 5 Welshmen, 2 each from Jersey, Guernsey, and the Cape, and one from Canada."

Sir Henry considers Continental shooting very much behind—they only fire at short range. No foreigners come here who are calculated to frighten, though it is worthy of note that in the very first year at Wimbledon a team of Swiss rifle shots came over, took away some of the best prizes, and were acknowledged superior to the Britishers.

Sir Henry's success in the early sixties as a rifle shot won him immediate recognition. He did not stay to have his powers tested only at the now-departed Wimbledon, but journeyed to the various meetings about the country, particularly distinguishing himself in Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, Somersetshire, Inverness, etc. The year 1874 found the famous shot in Norway.

Sir Henry was reminded of the rifle match there—and its very amusing surroundings—by the fact that our pipes had gone out, and when lighting up again he picked up a pretty little match-box from amongst a huge collection of briars on the table and passed it to me.

"It was in the Eikesdale Valley in Norway," he said, "and there was a rifle meeting of the reindeer hunters in the valley. The match was at 100 yards standing, with a six-inch bull's-eye. The rifles used by these hunters are of an old-fashioned pattern, and are made by village blacksmiths, who seem to have had some reputation for this sort of work. I won the prize with full score, and I thought the thing at an end. I returned to my house. At dusk

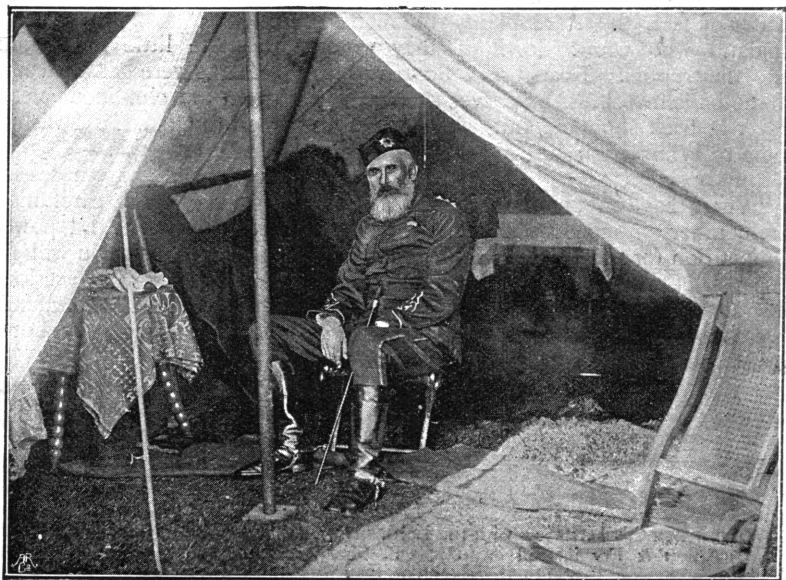
I was surprised by a deputation which came headed by a man carrying a huge accordion some two feet long tied up in a sack. They got me outside, formed a procession, the man took out his musical instrument, and led the way playing—I presume—a sort of Norwegian equivalent to 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.' I was marched off to a neighbouring house. The room was lit up with tallow candles. I was then with all due pomp and circumstance presented with that little match-box, and the evening ended up with a dance.

"In 1877 I captained the first English Eight that went out to America. We lost, but in 1882 we atoned for this by winning well. During my first visit I had a most curious adventure. A newspaper man applied to me for an interview. He was ushered into my room. I recognised him at once.

"'I know you,' I said; 'you call yourself General Millen, and you are the man who is believed to have led the Fenians into Canada.'

"He was very much surprised at my knowledge of his identity, but I gave him the interview. So, you see, I was interviewed by the very man who was at one time supposed to be the notorious 'No. 1' of the Phoenix Park murders!

"Almost immediately I landed with the team I received a letter from a man pleading with us not to drink. You see, the Americans are often over-hospitable. They take you about, drink with you, and give you too many big dinners. Yet they are very keen and very



SIR HENRY HALFORD AT BELVOIR.

much in earnest, and their team was up at six o'clock every morning practising for dear life. They bet outrageously—putting their money on single shots. It is a very good thing that nothing puts me off a shot, otherwise, when competing under a volley of 'Go it, Harry,' when I made a bull's-eye, and derisive yells if I made a miss, might have upset me. It cost £900 to take that first team over.

"Your American wants a thing settled then and there. For instance, we went to Chicago. I arrived there—with the team—at five o'clock in the morning, and had not been in bed an hour when I was aroused and told to get up, as there was a match on! It was at 300 yards standing. They talked a great deal about standing shooting being the only business shooting, and did not care for long-range shooting. Milner won first prize, I second. There is the five-dollar piece I won; I have worn it on my chain ever since."

"And whom do you regard as the most representative American shot?" I asked.

"Colonel Bodyne," was the reply. "He is the man who brought the American rifles to perfection. I regard the Americans as coming second to ourselves in the matter of rifle shooting, though they are not so formidable as they used to be, owing to the fact that they have dropped all the long-range shooting. They are generally considered to be *au fait* in the way of fancy shooting—I mean the glass ball business, such as Buffalo Bill and Dr. Carver go in for—though, as a matter of fact, there are plenty of men in England who could do it if they would take the trouble. I can break 80 per cent. of the balls myself. Dr. Carver is extremely clever at trick shooting, but when asked to come to Wimbledon he said: 'No, that is not my business!'"

"Yes, I have shot under severe difficulties. I remember on one occasion at Altcar, in a competition for the English Eight, there was a change of wind requiring an alteration in the allowance of sighting of 34ft. The thermometer went down twenty degrees in five minutes, and old rifle shots put this

down as a record change in atmospheric conditions. I shall never forget shooting at Wimbledon on half a teaspoonful of laudanum and making a big score; but for sticking to your guns, recommend me to Major Young.

"I am speaking now of ten years ago. The Major unfortunately put his hand out of joint the very day before the match for the Elcho Shield. Notwithstanding this he went to the fray, and had to have his wrist put in three times during the competition! He made top score!"

We talked over many things. Sir Henry regards Bisley as a much better ground for shooting than Wimbledon, where the light was often bad. Though Mr. Winans has done much to popularize the pistol in this country, the veteran shot does not think there is any future for it. Still, every officer should learn to use it. Stick to scarlet for your men's uniforms—it is not seen so far as many other colours. The men of the Rifle Brigade, as they are now clothed, are "spotted" at a greater distance than any other. He considers the future of the Volunteer assured, but he would like to see him armed with a better gun. The Regular's rifle is now a really serviceable weapon, Mr. Metford, with whom Sir Henry has worked since 1863, being the inventor; and the Volunteer should have it as well. Still, it is not the rifle which will make or mar the man. All depends on the way a corps is officered. Every Volunteer officer ought to feel that his commission is as important as one in the line.

These little fragmentary though notable remarks were gathered as we walked together down the elm-lined avenue which led to the road to Glen. As I wished him "Good-bye," Sir Henry said:—

"The primary necessities to make a good shot are nerve, carefulness, a calm temperament, eyesight, and power of concentration. I don't think you will find any man who is not a steady liver last long at shooting. Let young Volunteers remember that the student of habit and a good shot must run together."

HARRY HOW.

In last month's Interview with the Lord Mayor, the following photographs were erroneously attributed to Messrs. Elliott & Fry instead of to Messrs. Mavor & Meredith, 12, Fumival Street, E.C.: The Mansion House, the Banquet Tables in the Egyptian Hall, the Morning Rooms, the Smoking Room, the Kitchen, the State Bedroom.



Ashik-Kerib.

A TURKISH TALE FOR
CHILDREN.

BY M. LERMONTOV.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.)

but a noble heart and the gift of song. He used to play on his balaika and sing of the deeds of the ancient heroes of Turkistan, and went to weddings to entertain the rich and the fortunate. At one of these weddings he saw Magul-Megeri, and they fell in love with each other. Little hope had poor Ashik-Kerib of obtaining her hand, and he became sad and gloomy as the winter sky.

Now, one day he happened to be lying in a garden under a vineyard, and he fell asleep. Just then it chanced that Magul-Megeri passed that way with her friends, one of whom recognised the sleeping Ashik, and, letting the others go on, she went up to him and sang :—

“Why dost thou sleep under the vineyard?
Arise, thou foolish one! thy Gazel is passing.”

He instantly awakened and the girl darted away. But Magul-Megeri had heard the singing and scolded her friend, who answered :—

“If you had known to whom I sang, you would have thanked me. It was your Ashik-Kerib.”

“Lead me to him,” said Magul-Megeri, and they returned to the vineyard.

On seeing his melancholy, Magul-Megeri began to ask him the cause of his sadness, and to console him.

“How can I help being sad?” Ashik-Kerib



LONG time ago there lived in the town of Tiflis a wealthy Turk. Much gold had Allah given him; but more precious than his gold was his only daughter, Magul-Megeri.

Beautiful are the stars in the heavens, but behind them live the angels, and they are more beautiful still; and Magul-Megeri was the most beautiful and the best of the girls of Tiflis.

There lived also in Tiflis poor Ashik-Kerib. The Prophet had given him nothing

replied. "I love you, and you can never be mine."

"Ask my hand of my father," she said, "and he will provide the wedding, and will give me so much money that there will be enough for both of us."

"It may be that Ayak-Aga will refuse his daughter nothing," Ashik answered; "but who knows whether you will not reproach me afterwards for having nothing and being indebted to you for everything? No, my dear Magul-Megeri, I have made a vow that I will go forth into the world to travel for seven years and amass a fortune, or to perish in distant wildernesses. If you will agree to this, then at the end of that period you shall be mine."

She agreed to his proposal, but added that if he did not return on the appointed day seven years hence, she would consent to become the wife of Kurshud-Bek, who had been courting her for a long time.

So Ashik-Kerib went to his mother, asked for her blessing, kissed his little sister, hung his knapsack over his shoulder, took his wanderer's staff in his hand, and left the town of Tiflis. But he had not gone far before he was overtaken by a horseman, in whom he recognised Kurshud-Bek.

"God speed you!" cried Kurshud. "Wherever you may go, I am your companion."

Ashik was not pleased with his new comrade, but he felt there was nothing to be done. For a long time they continued their way together, till at last they came to a river. There was neither bridge nor ford.

"Swim over in front of me," said Kurshud-Bek, "and I will follow you."

Ashik threw off his clothes and swam across. When he had reached the opposite bank and looked back, lo and behold! what a direful misfortune had befallen him! Oh! Omnipotent Allah! Kurshud-Bek had taken his clothes and galloped back to Tiflis, leaving nothing behind him but a cloud of dust, which wound itself after him like a serpent along the smooth ground.

On arriving at Tiflis the Bek took Ashik's clothes to his aged mother and said:—

"Your son is drowned in a deep river. Here are his clothes!"

In unspeakable grief the mother fell upon the clothes of her beloved son and wept hot tears over them. She then took them and carried them to his affianced bride, Magul-Megeri, and said:—

"My son is drowned! Kurshud-Bek has brought me his clothes. You are free!"

But Magul-Megeri only smiled and replied:—

"Believe him not; Kurshud-Bek has invented all this. Nobody shall be my husband before the seven years are passed."

She then took down her balaika and began composedly to sing the favourite song of poor Ashik-Kerib.

In the meantime the wanderer arrived bare-foot and naked in a village. Here good people clothed and fed him; in recompense for which he sang them the most beautiful songs. Thus he wandered from village to village and from town to town, and his fame spread far and wide. At last he came to Khalaf. According to his custom, he went into a coffee-house, asked for a balaika, and commenced to sing.

At that time there lived at Khalaf a Pasha who was very fond of good singing. Many singers had been brought to him, but not one had pleased him. His servants were tired out with running about the town to find singers. But it so happened that they chanced to pass the coffee-house while Ashik was singing, and to hear his melodious voice.

"Come with us," they shouted, "to the high and mighty Pasha; or you will answer for it with your head!"

But Ashik-Kerib said:—

"I am a free man, a traveller from the town of Tiflis. I go where I list, and sing when I choose, and your Pasha is not my master."

Nevertheless, they seized him and carried him to the Pasha.

"Sing!" said the Pasha, and he sang. He sang the praises of his dear Magul-Megeri; and his song so pleased the proud Pasha, that he retained poor Ashik-Kerib in his service. Silver and gold were now showered on him. He was resplendent with costly raiment. Happily and joyfully did Ashik-Kerib live, and he grew very rich. Whether he forgot his Magul-Megeri or not, I know not; but the period for his return was approaching. The last year was rapidly drawing to an end, and yet he made no preparations for his departure.

The beautiful Magul-Megeri grew despondent. Now, a merchant was just then about to leave Tiflis with a caravan of forty camels and eighty slaves. So she called the merchant to her and gave him a gold dish, saying:—

"Take this dish, and, in whatever town you may arrive, exhibit it in your shop, and announce far and wide that he who will claim to be the owner of my dish, and who sup-

ports his claim by satisfactory proof, shall receive it, besides its weight in gold."

The merchant went on his way and did as he was told, and exhibited the dish wherever he went, but nobody appeared to claim its ownership. He had sold nearly all his merchandise,



"TAKE THIS DISH."

and arrived with the remainder at Khalaf. Here also he made everywhere the announcement Magul-Megeri had commissioned him to make.

On hearing the announcement Ashik-Kerib ran straight to the caravanserai, and saw the gold dish in the shop of the Tiflis merchant. "That is mine!" he said, and clutched it in his hand.

"It is indeed yours," replied the merchant. "I have recognised you, Ashik-Kerib. Go quickly to Tiflis. Your Magul-Megeri told me to inform you that the appointed period has nearly elapsed, and that if you do not return on the day fixed she will marry another."

In despair Ashik-Kerib put his hands to his head. Only three days yet remained to the fatal time. However, he mounted a horse, took with him a wallet filled with pieces of gold, and galloped away as fast as

he could without sparing the horse. Finally the worn-out animal fell down lifeless on Mount Arzinian, which is between Arzinian and Arzerum. What was he to do? Arzinian was two months' journey from Tiflis, and he had but two days left.

"Omnipotent Allah!" he exclaimed; "if thou wilt not help me, there is nothing on this earth for me to live for!" and saying these words he was about to throw himself off a high peak of the mountain.

Suddenly he saw a man below on a white horse, and heard a loud voice saying:—

"Young man, what do you want?"

"I want to die," said Ashik.

"If that is the case come down, and I will kill you."

Ashik got down as best he could.

"Follow me," said the horseman, sternly.

"How can I follow you?"

Ashik replied. "Your horse is as fleet as the wind, and I am, besides, carrying this heavy wallet."

"Quite true. Hang your wallet on my saddle and then follow me."

But Ashik-Kerib could not keep up with the rider, however hard he tried to run.

"Why do you not keep up with me?" asked the horseman.

"How can I keep up with you? Your horse is quicker than thought, and I am already worn out."

"Quite true. Get up behind me, and tell me the whole truth. Where do you want to get to?"

"If I could only get to Arzerum to-night I should be contented."

"Close your eyes, then."

Ashik closed his eyes. "Now open them." Ashik opened his eyes and saw in the distance before him the white walls and the glittering minarets of Arzerum.

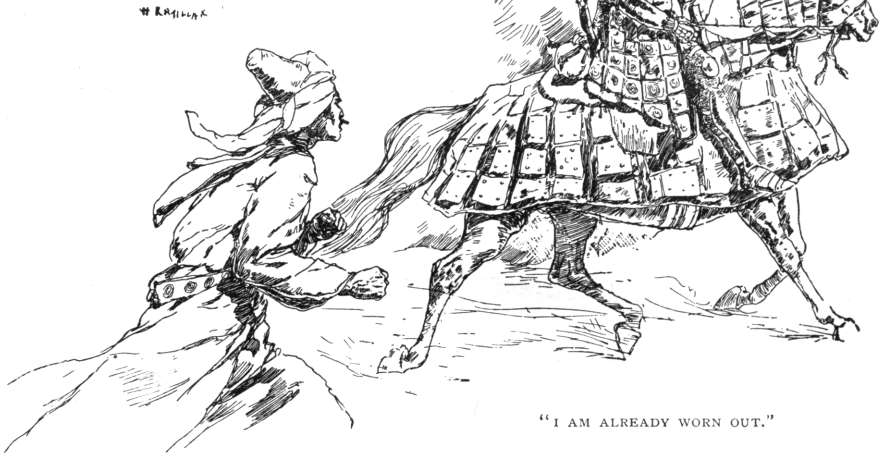
"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I have made a mistake. I had intended to say that I wanted to go to Kars."

"Aha! Did I not tell you to tell me the

whole truth? Close your eyes again; now open them."

Ashik could not believe himself, but there he was in Kars. He fell on his knees and said:—

"Oh! sir! forgive, I pray you, your servant, Ashik-Kerib; but you know that when a man begins lying in the morning, he continues to lie



"I AM ALREADY WORN OUT."

throughout the day. Where I really want to go to is Tiflis."

"Oh, you deceitful one!" said the horseman, angrily. "Well, never mind, I will forgive you. Close your eyes. Now, then, open them," he added, in about the space of a minute.

Ashik shouted for joy. They were at the gates of Tiflis. After thanking the horseman heartily, and having removed his wallet, Ashik-Kerib said:—

"Sir, your bounty is great, and great is the favour you have bestowed upon me; but grant me one more. If I should now relate that I got from Arzinian to Tiflis in a single day, nobody will believe me. Give me some proof."

The horseman smiled.

"Bend down," he said, "and take a handful of earth from under the horse's hoof and put it in your girdle; and if anyone should refuse to believe your words, let a blind woman be brought before you who has been blind seven years, put the earth on her eyes, and she will regain her sight."

Ashik stooped down and took a handful of earth from under the white horse's hoof, but

as soon as he lifted up his head again both horse and rider had disappeared. Then he was convinced in his soul that the horseman was no other than St. George.

It was late at night before Ashik-Kerib found his way to his house. With a trembling hand he knocked at the door and shouted:—

"Mother, mother! open the door. I am God's guest. I am cold and hungry. For the sake of your distant wandering son, let me in."

The weak voice of the old woman replied:—

"In the houses of the rich and powerful you will find a night's lodging. There is a wedding in the town. Go thither. There you will spend the night joyously."

"Mother," he replied, "I have no acquaintances here, and therefore I repeat my prayer to you. For the sake of your distant wandering son, let me in!"

Then his sister said: "Mother, I will get up and open the door for him."

"You wicked girl!" replied her mother. "You are always willing to receive young men and entertain them, for it is now seven years since I lost my sight through weeping."

But the daughter paid no attention to

these reproaches, but got up, opened the door, and let in Ashik-Kerib.

After exchanging the customary greetings he sat down, and with secret emotion commenced to look about him. His eyes lighted on the wall, where he saw hanging, in a dusty case, his melodious balaika. So he asked his mother: "What is that you have hanging on the wall?"

"You are curious," she answered; "you should be well satisfied that you get a crust of bread and are sent away in God's name to-morrow, and you should ask no questions."

"I have already told you," he replied, "that I am your own son and that this is my sister, and therefore I ask you to explain to me what that is hanging on the wall."

"That is a balaika, a balaika," said the old woman, who did not believe him.

"And what is a balaika?" he asked.

"A balaika," said the old woman, testily, "is a thing people play on and sing to."

Then Ashik - Kerib asked her to allow his sister to take it down and show it him, but the old woman answered:—

"That must not be. That is the balaika of my unfortunate son. It is now seven years that it hangs upon that wall, and no living hand has touched it."

But his sister rose up and took down the balaika and gave it him. Then he raised his eyes to Heaven and poured out the following prayer:—

"Oh! Almighty Allah! if I am to attain my wishes let my seven-stringed balaika be in as good tune as it was upon the day when I last played it." And he struck the brass cords—and the cords gave out harmonious sounds; and so he began to sing:—

"I'm but a poor wanderer, and my words are but poor;

But the great St. George helped me descend a steep peak.

Though I be but poor, though my words be but poor, Know me again, mother! Know thy poor wanderer!"

At these words his mother burst into tears and asked him his name.

"Raschid!" (simple-hearted) he replied.

"Speak to me once, and then listen, Raschid," she said. "With your words you have cut my heart to pieces. Last night I dreamt that all my hair had grown white. It is now seven years that I am blind. Tell me, you who have his voice, when will my son come?"

And she repeated her question twice over, with tears in her eyes.

It was in vain that he told her he was her son; she would not believe him.

After a little time, he said:—

"Permit me, mother, to take the balaika and to go away. I heard there was a wedding in the neighbourhood; my sister will show me the way. I will go there and play and sing, and all I get I will bring back and divide with you."

But she only answered:

"I will not. Since my son has gone away, his balaika has not left the house."

But he swore he would not injure a single string. "And if I snap a single string, I will be answerable for it with my property."

The old woman felt his wallet, and, finding that it was full of coins, let him go. Having taken him to the rich man's house from whence the sounds of wedding festivities proceeded, his sister waited at the door to hear what would happen.

In that house lived Magul-Megeri, and on that night she was to

become the wife of Kurshud-Bek.

Kurshud-Bek was feasting with his friends and relations, but Magul-Megeri was behind a handsome curtain with her companions, and held a cup of poison in one hand and a dagger in the other. For she had sworn to die rather than rest her head upon the bridal bed of Kurshud-Bek. And suddenly she heard from behind the curtain that a stranger arrived and said:—



"HIS SISTER ROSE AND TOOK DOWN THE BALAIKA."



"THE OLD WOMAN FELT HIS WALLET."

"Salaam, alaykum ! You are feasting and merry-making. Permit me, a poor wanderer, to sit down with you, and in return I will sing you a song."

"Why not?" Kurshud-Bek replied. "All singers and dancers are welcome, for this is a wedding. Sing something, minstrel, and I will give you a handful of gold. But what is your name, wanderer?"

"Shindi-Gerursez" (you will soon know), was the answer.

"What a strange name," said Kurshud-Bek, laughing. "I have never heard such a name before."

"Before I was born the neighbours asked my mother whether her child would be a boy or a girl, and she told them, 'You will soon know,' and this is how I came to be called by that name," and Ashik-Kerib took his balaika and began to sing :—

"In the town of Khalaf I drank the red wine,
But God gave me wings—in three days I flew here."

Kurshud-Bek's brother, who was a half-witted fellow, drew his dagger and shouted :—

"You lie ! How is it possible to arrive here from Khalaf in three days?"

"Why do you wish to kill me?" said Ashik. "Minstrels usually come from all the four quarters of the earth, and arrive together at one and the same place. Besides, I ask nothing of you : you may believe me or not."

"Let him continue," said the bridegroom, and so Ashik-Kerib resumed his song :—

"My morning prayer in the valley I said,
In the valley—of Arzinian,
In Arzerum town I prayed at noon.
At sunset at Kars my prayer I performed ;
My evening prayer at Tiflis.
Then God gave me wings, and I flew over here,
Of the white horse the victim, God grant I may be ;
It galloped as fast as a rope-dancer's feet
From the hill to the valley, from valley to hill,
God granted to Ashik the wings of the wind.
To the wedding he's flown of Magul-Megeri."

Then Magul-Megeri recognised the voice, and threw her dagger and the poison away.

"That is how you keep your vow !" said her friend. "So you will consent to become to-night the wife of Kurshud-Bek?"

"You have not recognised, but I have recognised, the voice that is dear to me," Magul-Megeri replied, and seizing a pair of scissors she cut through the curtain. As she looked through she recognised, indeed, her Ashik-Kerib, and she threw herself on his neck with a scream, and both fell senseless to the ground.

The brother of Kurshud-Bek rushed at them with his dagger, and was about to kill them, but Kurshud-Bek stopped him, and said :—

"Calm yourself, and know that what is written on a man's brow at his birth, that he will not escape."

When Magul-Megeri returned to conscious-



"WHY DO YOU WISH TO KILL ME?"

ness she blushed for shame and hid behind the curtain.

"Now we can see that you are indeed Ashik-Kerib," said the bridegroom. "But tell us how you contrived to cover so great a distance in so short a time."

"In proof of my truthfulness," said Ashik, "my sword will cut through stone; and if I lie, may my throat be thinner than a hair. But, best of all, bring me a blind woman who has not seen the light of God for seven years, and I will restore her sight."

Ashik-Kerib's sister, who was standing outside behind the door and heard this speech, ran off at once to her mother.

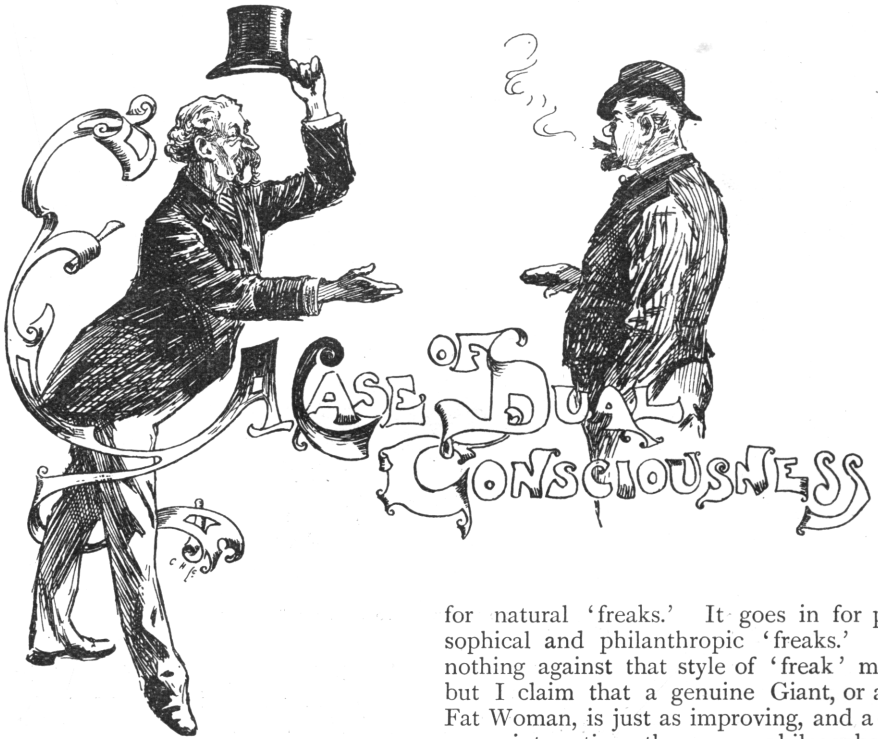
"Mother!" she cried, "it is indeed my brother and indeed your son, Ashik-Kerib," and she took her mother by the hand and led her to the wedding-feast. Then Ashik took the handful of earth from under his girdle, wetted it in water, and smeared it over his mother's eyes, saying:—

"Let all people know how great and powerful is St. George!" and his mother regained her sight.

After that no one dared to doubt the truth of Ashik's words, and Kurshud-Bek handed over to him without a murmur the beautiful Magul-Megeri.

The Queer Side of Things—Among the Freaks.

No. V.



“**C**ourse,” said the Door-keeper, “we calculate, in the Dime Museum business, to deceive the public a little now and then, but as it is done for the amusement and instruction of the public, I don’t see as anyone has any call to complain. Suppose I do exhibit a ‘freak’ that isn’t quite genuine! If it draws it is because the public likes it, in which case the public ought to be satisfied. If it doesn’t draw, the public doesn’t pay out any money to see it, and naturally doesn’t feel that it is swindled. Now, I was swindled once, and pretty bad, too, by an artificial ‘freak,’ and it was me and not the public that suffered. If you want to hear about it I’ll tell you the whole story, though I shouldn’t like it to be known in the profession, for it don’t do any credit to me as a professional man.”

“I was exhibiting in Boston a good many years ago, and I am free to say that I was losing money. Boston don’t seem to care

for natural ‘freaks.’ It goes in for philosophical and philanthropic ‘freaks.’ I’ve nothing against that style of ‘freak’ myself, but I claim that a genuine Giant, or a real Fat Woman, is just as improving, and a sight more interesting, than any philosopher or philanthropist that Boston ever produced.

“I don’t like to lose money any more than you do, and things were looking pretty blue for me, when one day a carriage drives up to my door and a chap sends in word that he wanted to see me on professional business. I told my man to show him in, and when I saw him I put him down for a rascal without waiting to hear him speak. He told me that he had just arrived from Europe with a Two-Headed Girl, and that she was the biggest thing that any Museum had ever offered to the public. He had her with him in the carriage, and I was the first manager that he had called to see since he landed.

“Now I knew well enough that a Two-Headed Girl is about the scarcest thing that a Museum can get hold of. I never knew of but one specimen of the kind, and she was worth pretty near her weight in gold. How this fellow should have got hold of a second specimen without my ever having heard of her existence was more than I could understand, for I kept as bright

a look-out for attractions all over the world as Barnum himself. However, I went out to the carriage and had a look at the girl. There she sat, wrapped up in a big shawl, and as far as I could see she was all right. Anyway, there were two heads above the edge of the shawl, and they were as pretty heads as you could find in any English young ladies' seminary. If the Two-Headed Girl only corresponded to the sample I saw in the carriage, she would be the biggest attraction that Boston or any other city had ever seen.

"Well! I went back to my office, and the fellow and I talked the thing over. He said the girl was a Laplander, and couldn't speak a single word of any language except Laplandish. She was sixteen years old, and had never been out of her native village until he had accidentally seen her, and hired her for a five years' tour of the world. So far he had not exhibited her anywhere, and he wanted her to make her debut in my show, so as to give her a respectable standing in the profession, from the start. His terms were a hundred dollars a week, and a benefit every six months, and he said that he should ask any other manager a hundred and twenty-five.

"I told him to bring in his girl where I could have a fair look at her, and then it would be time enough to talk about terms. He brought her in, and I noticed that she climbed down out of the carriage with considerable difficulty. The agent helped her into my office, where she sat down on the sofa, and smiled at me with both heads in a way that would have been dangerous if she had tried it on some managers that I know.

"There she is," said the agent. "The only genuine white Two-Headed Girl the world has ever seen. Above the waist, where she is joined together, she is perfect: two distinct girls, and good-looking ones too. She's only got one pair of legs, which prevents her from walking easy, but she is as strong and healthy as they make 'em, and there ain't

the least danger that she'll die on your hands."

"Then he spoke some gibberish, which I supposed was Laplandish, to the girl, and she drew up the hem of her dress so as to show two nice little feet, and no more. The size of those feet ought to have awakened my suspicion, for they were the regulation Boston size, which is about three sizes smaller than the average European foot. But I was so anxious to find that she was genuine that I didn't notice that there was anything wrong about her feet.

"What do you say?" said the agent. "Isn't she a first-class attraction?"

"She'll draw safe enough," said I, "provided she's genuine. I don't mean to say she ain't, but I've got to be sure about it before we can do any business."

"Oh! It's easy enough to prove that she is genuine," says the fellow. "I've got certificates from three of the leading physicians in Lapland, besides the affidavit of her father and mother and the parish priest. If they don't satisfy you nothing will, and I shall have to take her to another manager."

"Show me the certificates!" said I.

"Well! he produced them on the spot, and they seemed all right. Of course I couldn't read a

word of them, but they had a lot of sealing-wax on them, which is always convincing, and had a genuine official look. I wanted the girl so bad that, perhaps, it led me to be a little careless for once in my life; so I said to the agent that I would give him twenty-five dollars a week, and sign a contract with him for a year. We argued the matter for about an hour, and finally we came to an agreement on the basis of seventy-five dollars a week and three benefits a year. It was the steepest price I ever paid, but I was losing money at the rate of fifty dollars a week, and I was ready to take almost any chance of bringing up the business again. Besides, I knew that if the Two-Headed Girl didn't draw I should



"SHE SMILED AT ME WITH BOTH HEADS."

be ruined anyhow, and it didn't matter what I might agree to pay, as there would be no money to pay it with. Whereas if she did draw, as I expected she would, I could easily afford to pay seventy-five dollars a week for her. I always did go on the principle of dealing liberally with people, especially when it is clear that there is nothing to be lost by it.

"While the agent and I were trying to get the best of one another the Two-Headed Girl sat with some of her arms around both her necks, and was that patient and sweet-tempered in appearance that I began to hope that for once I had found a 'freak' that wouldn't be perpetually quarrelling. As I have told you, I presume, 'freaks' do nothing but quarrel and fall in love. I don't wonder at their quarrelling, seeing that they are shut up together day and night, and haven't anything else to do; but it was a long time before I found out why they are constantly falling in love. It is because they don't get any exercise, except now and then a drive in a closed carriage.

"You never hear of a trapeze performer

or a Strong Man falling in love; that's because they work off their affections on their muscles. On the other hand, a Fat Woman, who never gets any exercise at all, is always in love, and generally two or three deep. Naturally, the more 'freaks' fall in love, the more they quarrel, and there is hardly a day that I don't have to smooth two or three of them down, or threaten to lock them up till they quit heaving candlesticks and language at one another.

"Well, I advertised my Two-Headed Girl the next day, and when night came the house was packed. Ralph Waldo Emerson himself couldn't have drawn better. The very best classes of Boston society came to see the Two-Headed Girl, and more women with more spectacles and more false teeth came into the show than I had ever seen before in my whole professional experience. The men and women used to stand by the hour in front of the sofa where the Two-Headed Girl sat and argue about her soul, which, considering that her soul wasn't on exhibition, seemed to me a loss of time. They made out in some way that I don't



"THE VERY BEST CLASSES OF BOSTON SOCIETY."

pretend to understand, that the Girl had something to do with philosophy, and that her two heads proved something or other that Mr. Emerson used to teach.

"You've heard of Mr. Emerson, of course. He was what they called a philosopher, and drew better than any 'freak' or primer donner that ever visited Boston. I couldn't see anything in him, myself. I went to hear him lecture once, and it seemed to me that he wasn't to be compared with Artemus Ward. However, that was none of my business, though at one time I did think of making him a handsome offer to join my combination.

"There wasn't the least doubt about the success of the Two-Headed Girl. In the very first week I took in two hundred and thirty dollars more than I had ever taken in in any one week in my life before. The Museum was crowded day and night, and every mother in Boston brought her children

and get 'em, instead of lowering myself to ask 'freaks' to give me lessons.

"The Two-Headed Girl, as I have said in the beginning, was a Laplander, and couldn't speak anything but Laplandish. She had been with me about a month when I was astonished, one night after the exhibition had closed, and the 'freaks' had sat down to their usual banquet of pickles and cider, to hear one of her heads say to the other:—

"'You say that again, miss, and I'll tear your eyes out!'

"'Halloa!' says I, 'thought neither of you could speak any English?'

"The Girl blushed a double blush on all four cheeks, and said, 'We've learned considerable since we came to America, but we never try to speak English because it ain't professional—not in our case, at any rate.'

"'That's all right,' said I. 'Speak what you like, only remember that I don't allow no quarrelling among my people.'



"I DON'T ALLOW NO QUARRELLING."

and told them that the Two-Headed Girl taught some great moral lesson, and that they ought to imitate her, or avoid imitating her, or some other rubbish of that general kind. I never pretend to understand such things myself. I don't associate with 'freaks' to learn moral lessons from them. When I want moral lessons I'll go to Sunday-school

"The next day I made inquiries about the Two-Headed Girl, and found out that both of her were in love with the same young man. He came to the show every day and always brought both of her flowers. I found out afterwards that he was a philosopher, and was studying what he called 'The Psychological Character of Female Dual Consciousness as



"HE ALWAYS BROUGHT BOTH OF HER FLOWERS."

Exemplified in the Two-Headed Girl of Lapland.' I remember this because he wrote an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* with that title, which would have been a first-class advertisement of the Girl if she hadn't happened to have retired to private life when the article was published. He was a rather good-looking young fellow, and both the heads of the Girl considered that he was in love with them. Mary, which is what we used to call the right-hand head, was sure that the young man was after her, and only gave flowers to Jane, who was the left-hand head, in order not to give away the real state of his affections to the general public; while Jane was equally certain that it was she the young man was in love with, and that he considered the other head to be very much in the way.

"The Fat Woman, who sat close to the Two-Headed Girl on the stage, was really frightened at the way the two heads used to go on. She could hear them whispering to each other when the audience couldn't hear anything said. Mary would put her cheek up against Jane's and smile so sweetly that the audience would say: 'How perfectly lovely!' but all the time she would be saying: 'I'd like to bite your ugly ear off, miss!' and then presently Jane would put her arm around Mary's neck and whisper: 'You mean, deceitful thing! Wait till we

get to our room, and I'll let you know!' The Fat Woman, who was all the time reading Dime novels, said she was afraid some awful tragedy was preparing, and that presently the place would be drowned in blood. She wasn't altogether wrong, as you'll see presently.

"One night, just after the banquet was over, and the 'freaks' had mostly gone to their rooms, we heard such a dismal shrieking from the Two-Headed Girl's room that we all rushed to the door. That is, when I say 'all,' I mean the Giant and the Living Skeleton, who had been sitting up with me a little later than usual. I never allow nothing improper on the part of nobody in my show, and I set the example in such matters myself. So I told the Giant and the Skeleton that we would withdraw, while the Strong Woman would burst the door open and see what was the matter.

"Accordingly we did so, and the Strong Woman set her shoulder against the door, and it just sort of melted away, as you might say. She told me that she found the Two-Headed Girl having the liveliest kind of a fight with herself. She was lying on the floor, and the half of her which was uppermost, and which happened to be Mary, was laying into the other half and hauling out

the hair and the hairpins by handfuls. The Strong Woman, wanting to check the effusion of hair, went to work to separate them, and succeeded altogether too well. In fact, when she got hold of Mary, and tried to pull her clear of Jane's hair, the two girls came apart altogether. The Strong Woman, who like the rest of us had believed in the Two-Headed Girl, was that frightened when she saw that she had pulled her clean apart that she in turn yelled for help.

"This time I had to lay aside my scruples and see for myself what was the matter. There sat the Strong Woman on the floor, holding half of the Two-Headed Girl in her arms, and there lay the other half, two or three yards off, on the carpet, crying her level best, and cussin' the rest of her in language which, if I am any judge of language, and I ought to be, was learned somewhere down by the wharves. When I saw that Jane was more frightened than hurt, I told her to go to bed, and told the Strong Woman to take Mary into her room for the night. Mary went peaceably, for when the Strong Woman got hold of anybody,



"THE STRONG WOMAN SET HER SHOULDER
AGAINST THE DOOR."

male or female, they generally did as she said.

"The next day I called up the Two-Headed Girl and told them that our contract was at an end. 'I will never,' I said, 'be a party to a fraud on the public, especially when it is sure to be found out, as this fraud of yours is. A committee of Boston surgeons was going to examine you this very day, and I, believing you to be genuine, was to offer them every facility. What I am offering now is a free passage for you both, from here to New York, and don't you ever let me hear of your trying to exhibit again, or I'll come out and tell the truth about you.'

"That was my only attempt at exhibiting a Two-Headed Girl. I ought not to be hard on the girls, for they pulled me through a very tight place in my professional career; but at the same time they took me in, and not being a part of the public I don't like to be took in. However, it all happened long ago, and I defy any 'freak' to play any sort of game on me again. If there is any deceit to be practised in my show, I conceive that I am the one to do it, and not the one to be practised on."

W. L. ALDEN.

